



THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1846.

VOL. 6. No. 20.

POEMS, BY THOMAS HOOD.

Most of these poems were familiarly known to us; yet the power, the variety, the vigour, and the fantastic beauty of the assemblage—taken as a whole—came over us "with a grave, sweet pleasure."

We need but run over the table of contents to the first volume, in proof that our praise is not partial. It opens with "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Then comes the less-known "Elm Tree—a Dream in the Woods," from which, because it is less known, we shall extract a passage. In the midst of a piece of forest scenery, touched with a strange and gloomy power, (a Rembrandt landscape, if compared with such a Hobbema wood-picture as Tennyson's "Talking Oak,") in which the death of the Elm is invested with an almost tragic horror—appears the Great Leveler:—

With silent pace as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
"Whoever laid this tree along
His hatchet was not dull!"

"The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke
My turn it is to tell!"

"No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood!"

"No forest Monarch yearly clad
In roanle green or brown:
That unrecorded lives, and falls
By hand of rustic clown—
But Kings who don the purple robe,
And wear the jewell'd crown.

"Ah! little reck the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breathes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little reck the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall!"

"Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his Falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies!"

"But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he who never knew a home,
Shall find it in the Elm!"

"The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the creasy ditch,
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man, and poor!"

"Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone!"

"A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with age-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—

"A Man within whose gloomy mind
Offence had darkly sunk,

Who out of fierce Revenge's cup
Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk!

"This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!"

"The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

"And well the abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And 'mid the city's strife,
For, every hour that passes by,
Shall end a human life!"

The Phantom ends: the Shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.

The Thresh's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;
The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade;

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

This fondness for images of awe and death is a characteristic of Hood's genius. We find it deepening the gloom of "The Haunted House,"—echoing beneath the heavy arches of "The Bridge of Sighs,"—giving its last poignancy to agony in "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lady's Dream," and "The Workhouse Clock,"—those heart-piercing "utterances," which shadow forth an era of high civilization little less menacingly than the Shadow on the Wall. The opening pages of volume the second contain matters less familiar. The following is a gem—the date makes it touching, giving it a place among the "last songs" of poets:—

Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives:
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.

Those who recollect Mr. Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," (which, too, with "Lyons, the Centaur," &c., is reprinted here,) and the minor poems which follow, will bear us out in saying that, as a song-writer, he comes nearer

the Ben Jonsons and Herricks of our old poetry than most among the moderns. Here is an example, however, worthy pages of assertion:—

Flores.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreaty rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

Lastly, that we may call attention to the mastery our poet could exercise over every form or composition—in this a true artist, that is, one who can give his imaginings whatsoever shape he will,—we will close this book at a page containing a sonnet which is new to us:—

Shall I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
That once, in rage with the wild winds at strife,
Thou dar'st menace my unit of a life,
Sending my clay below, my soul above,
Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth!
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health!—
Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?
Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me?—
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,
And, if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

The preface to these volumes announces as forthcoming a collection of "the more thoughtful pieces" in the author's poems of wit and humour, contingent on the success of this publication. We trust—for the sake of our hope in the English public, and our faith in the undying interest which true poetry excites,—that there is no doubt as to the fulfilment of this promise.

THE POOR DOCTOR.

[Concluded.]

Dr. Foy was overtaken by Arthur Moxton, before he had proceeded far on his way. Arthur carried a lamp, and, grasping the doctor by the hand, he begged him to follow him in order that they might have some private conversation. Without uttering another word, Arthur led the way through long and gloomy passages, until they reached a door in a part of the house far from all the occupied apartments. They entered a small gloomy room, and Arthur, begging the doctor to be seated, placed his lamp on the table; he looked cautiously all round, and, stopping at the door, listened anxiously: no sounds of footsteps or of voices were heard; he seemed satisfied that they were quite alone, and not likely to be disturbed; he closed the door carefully, and advancing close to the doctor, stood directly fronting him.

For some moments each seemed deeply occupied with his own reflections. John Foy had before him the almost palpable forms of his wife and children, whom he had left in hope, in expectation; for even his wife had smiled as he left the house on his way to that of his rich relation; and he was thinking of how he was to enter amongst them again, and dash all that hope from their hearts. He would fain have entreated Arthur for the loan of a small sum; he felt sure from the extremely gentle and benevolent cast of his face that he would not be refused; but after being so insulted by the uncle, how could he beg a favour from the nephew?

"You are perfectly certain, I believe, Mr. Foy, that my uncle labours under a mortal distemper?"

Arthur Moxton fixed his mild eyes on the doctor's face as he asked the question.

"He cannot possibly recover; nothing short of a miracle can cure him—any medical man will tell you so. He is sinking fast now, as you must have perceived by his voice and looks."

"And how long do you think he may have to live?"

"That depends a good deal on whether his mind is kept composed or not. If he agitates himself so much as he did when he ordered me away, death will ensue more rapidly."

"How many hours would you say he might be expected to survive?"

"I would not say exactly—perhaps twelve; at the very utmost twenty-four."

"Twelve—twenty-four; he can easily make a new will in that time."

He said this with a deep deliberate emphasis, fixing his eyes keenly on the doctor's face.

The doctor made no answer.

"I heard him send off an immediate express for his man of business," continued Arthur, with the same deep deliberate tones. "He also, I believe—though remember I do not positively assert this—but I think he mentioned sending for Dr. Heberton, your young successful rival in the town; he does this, I know, in order to mark more strongly his dislike to you; for he has no love to your profession in general. Indeed he has studied medicine much himself, and thinks he perfectly understands his own constitution. He is extremely angry—causelessly I should say—angry with you, doctor."

"So it seems," answered the unfortunate physician, bending his head gloomily on his hand.

"He is absolutely determined about the new will. You and I, Doctor Foy, will be the great losers; he is going, most positively, to bequeath his whole fortune to charitable purposes."

"I have not of late expected legacies from him," said the doctor, composedly, but a bitter aching feeling of new disappointment went from his brain to his bosom.

"A thousand pounds—no, two thousand pounds was it he said he intended for you?—well perhaps that is disannulled by this time."

"A thousand pounds!" reiterated the doctor, his hollow eyes dilated with eagerness, but his lips became white with the spirit's sickness—a thousand pounds—a whole penniless family, and one or perhaps two thousand pounds just presented to his grasp, so that his hands almost closed on it, and then withdrawn all at once, past even hope;—the doctor clasped his hands tightly, and a slight convulsion passed over his face, and left it calm and cold like a corpse.

"Two thousand pounds to the wife and family of a poor man would be much—much happiness—it would be heaven for that poor man."

The doctor almost fancied the words were spoken by some tormenting spirit; he looked on Arthur as each syllable passed over his lips but his face was good and gentle as ever.

"Two thousand pounds—Doctor Foy think of it."

"Think of it—oh God!"

John Foy looked upwards and blessed God for religion, because it saves so many souls from madness.

"If he were only to die now at once before the new will could be signed, the two thousand might still be yours. Doctor Foy would he but die—"

The doctor started as if a glorious hope had flown over his sick head, far away, giving but a momentary glimpse of its golden wings.

"Yes, Doctor Foy, why does he not die before his hand can sign away his property from us, his lawful heirs?"

The peculiar emphasis which Arthur laid on the word "why" escaped the notice of the doctor. The brain of the latter was reeling with the mocking pictures of the happiness which that thousand pounds would have produced; he was racked with that tormenting hope, why had he ever heard of it!

"Listen to me, Doctor Foy; my uncle must be a dead man shortly; before this time to-morrow evening he will assuredly be dead and cold."

"Yes—yes—yes," uttered John Foy.

"Doctor Foy why may not we expedite that inevitable death by a few hours?"

The doctor looked bewildered; so little evil was in his composition it seemed he did not yet comprehend the dark design of Arthur.

"I say, Doctor Foy, we are fools, or we would not sit thus sorrowful and inactive, when a few strong drops—you understand me—would put the dying man from doing mischief, and only anticipate his inevitable death by a few hours."

"Mr. Moxton," said the doctor, aroused to deep attention at last, "do I hear you aright, do you propose to—" he paused, looking keenly on Arthur's face.

"Yes; I mean to ask you will you join me in administering to my uncle something that will effectually prevent him from putting his wicked design of defrauding us of his property into execution—he must die, you know, and what signifies a few hours less of life to him now?"

John Foy made no answer for a moment, but shades of deep thoughtful melancholy came over his misery-worn face.

"I would have trusted you, Mr. Moxton. I would not have believed that with looks like yours you could have dreamed of evil like this."

"Ah, doctor," said Arthur, smiling with his usual, bright, benevolent smile.

"We must attend to our own interests in this world—but it is time we proceed to business. You can tell me, I suppose, how much of this powerful medicine will produce total unconsciousness—I mean incapacity of making new arrangements—in my uncle. I do not wish him to die all at once—this is not our aim."

He took from his pocket a small phial containing one of the deadliest of poisons, and handed it to the doctor, who took it mechanically, it seemed, but laid it down on the table without looking at it.

"Mr. Moxton can you—dare you contemplate—murder?"

John Foy's usually meek voice had grown stern, and his face was severe.

"Murder! don't use such an ugly word, you know as well and much better than I that it is only sending a dying man a little sooner out of the world—'tis no murder, for he must die immediately, and besides, we shall be only preventing him from doing an evil action in depriving us of his property; there, tell me quickly how much of the contents of the phial may be administered to him without producing death all at once—listen, do you not hear the noise of wheels on the avenue? my uncle's man of business has not surely arrived yet. Doctor Foy, I know you will be my partner in this business, like a reasonable man, but make haste, examine the phial, and tell me the quantity we may give him to produce the proper effect!"

"Never, never," cried John Foy, with vehemence very unusual in him. "I am a poor man—a miserable man, ground down to the very dust with bitter poverty, but not paltry thousands, not whole worlds, should tempt me even to dream of murder!" He rose as he spoke; his figure rose erectly, forgetting the slight stoop which much suffering had given it.

"I offer you not a paltry two thousand, but the half of my uncle's large fortune, if you join me in gaining it by the means of this"—and he took up the phial—"the only way now in our power."

"Base man—barbarous young man, what—your own uncle, murder him, poison him for his money; and you dare to make this vile proposal to me, to one of my profession, the profession which I have loved, and which I would not in my person stain with a crime so black for all the great temptations of the universe!"

Arthur did not quail beneath the contemptuous look of the doctor; on the contrary his eyes sparkled as if with gladness and goodness.

"Again, Doctor Foy," he said with a smile, "I ask you to think better of this business; if you allow such a great chance to pass, you will regret it deeply—think of perhaps eight or ten thousand pounds to you with your starving family, and small hopes of a better condition, and all this for no great crime, for surely you do not mean to say that the administering of a few drops of poison to a man who is on the very point of death already, is any thing like the murder of a strong and healthy man; come, you will yield; here is the phial."

"Wretch—monster of wickedness!" ejaculated the doctor, passionately. "do you still persist in thinking you could tempt me to such a deed?—listen to me, I had determined to ask you for the loan of twenty or thirty pounds or so, for I am indeed in miserable poverty, God help me; but now I would not touch one penny of the money which I suppose is lawfully yours. I would not take one farthing even in the way of a loan from you now—and I thought your

face so good ;—even now it looks so virtuous and kind ! Arthur Moxton, how can you with such a face dream of such a crime ? you would send the soul of a dying man all at once to its account ; you would murder that soul for ever, perhaps—for who knows what even a few hours of last repentance may do to the greatest sinners ?—and has he not every right to dispose of his property as he pleases ? you are only his nephew, and you are young and able to live by your own exertions. If, therefore, he bequeaths his fortune to charitable purposes—to the succouring of those who are poor and incapable of helping themselves, it is at least a good work. Young man, you will at once give up this base scheme."

Arthur turned away for a moment ; the doctor fancied that he perceived the glistering of tears in his eyes, and he wondered, but believed he had only mistaken.

"If you will not join me, you will not at least object to my proceeding alone in my design—you will swear never to reveal the secret."

"I shall go immediately to your uncle, and warn him not to drink any preparations offered by you."

The doctor proceeded to the door ; then he paused, and seemed irresolute.

"It is a hard thing," he continued, "to tell a dying man that his nearest relation is plotting his destruction. I would grieve to send the departing spirit away with this evil impression of his kind. Mr Moxton, you will relent—you will promise me solemnly to give up this foul scheme, and then I shall not be obliged to intrude myself again on your uncle's sight ; young man, there are still good feelings in you—yes, you are moved—I see it now distinctly ; perhaps you did not reflect deeply enough on the awful nature of the proposed crime, and you are now awakening to it ; you will promise me solemnly, as if in the very presence of God, here, before I leave you, that you will give up this fearful design."

Arthur gave the required promise with a readiness—a happy readiness that rather surprised the doctor ; he also requested him to carry away with him the phial with its deadly contents, as a still further proof that the evil design was given over.

They proceeded silently down the stairs, and in a brief period the doctor was seated again in his miserable conveyance, and the drooping head of his lean horse was turned homewards.

The excitement of the disagreeable scenes through which he had passed quickly departed, and deep depression weighed down his spirit's. Around him came, with almost the strength of reality, all the miseries of his home ; there was his wife meeting him in the hall as he entered, and smiling too, and saying, John Foy, give me some money now—now I know you have it. How could he look on her, what would he say ? He gazed up to the sky, a fair, beautiful, most beautiful sky, with the radiant moonlight breaking through the deep blue clouds like gleams from the curtained heaven beyond, and from the sky he looked down to the calm river beside which he slowly journeyed on, and watched the glorious light reflected down and down in the sparkling waters, as if there were some bright realm afar in the depths matching the magnificence above. The soul of the moneyless man took in the whole power of the scene, and for some little brief moments he almost forgot his unhappiness ; but then would come the dreary reaction ; the sudden sting in the briefly resting bosom—that lost legacy—that thousand pounds which was almost his !

Yet he comforted himself, he strove to comfort himself wisely and philosophically, by thinking what a black conscience he would have carried back to his hitherto guiltless home, had he, in a moment of desperation, agreed to the wicked proposal of Arthur ; he was yet a harmless though a poor man, and he thanked God that he had not yielded to temptation. Suddenly, as if by some invisible agency, there was brought again to his imagination very forcibly a murderer's death-bed at which he had been present in early life. The murderer raved again, as if in his very ears, of deeds, and tortures, and a fearful accusing spirit which had seized on his soul, and was dragging it away fast from his miserable body. The murderer lay on a rich couch, for he was a wealthy man ; gold fringed curtains canopied his distracted head, but his liveried attendants held him forcibly there for hours, or he would have rushed, in that wild delirium, away from his mansion ; then in the very last hour he grew calmer and beckoned him, John Foy, to approach close, very close, for he could hardly speak, and there he told how years before he had poisoned a rich relation, and inherited his property, and so saying, he shrieked and convulsively grasping the doctor's neck, and crying, "save me ! hold me !" he fell back and died.

As all this passed vividly again in the doctor's mind, he felt happy even in the depths of his poverty, because he had not even willingly listened to the late temptation to commit such a crime. He had allowed his miserable horse to proceed at his own pleasure, almost without any guidance ; the forlorn animal advanced at a tolerable pace notwithstanding, and stood soon at his master's door. The tears actually stood in that master's sunken eyes as he thought of the silent, feeble, hungry creature led to his unprovided stable—yes, he thought deeply of this, even though he was just going to meet Mrs. Foy.

All was quiet as he entered his house. His riotous boys had been long in bed. He groped through a dark hall, and as he reached the door of the parlour it was opened by his wife. She held in her hand a candlestick composed of brass, and containing one of the most emaciated candles ever seen even in the lean family of sixteen to the pound. Her face was all eagerness, and even smiles glimmering with a brief radiance over the deep lines of misery.

"Ah, John Foy, you have money now—I know you have—I see it in your face. Bless that good colonel ; I shall pray for him this very night."

The doctor's deep sigh caught her ear ; she set the candlestick on the table, and looked kindly in her husband's pale face.

"You are tired," she said, "though I have seen you much later of coming home. See, I have a little bit of supper for you ; I have saved it from the boys, though they could easily have eaten it all."

She placed beside the brass candlestick the remains of a loaf, with a minute portion of cheese, and a still more trifling modicum of cold mutton.

"But first tell me how much he gave you—oh, I know 'tis something, for the colonel is so rich they tell me."

The doctor did not know what to say ; he was afraid to tell her the truth, and he was a miserably bad at inventing excuses ; he almost shrunk from the pale wrinkled face which was fixed on him so eagerly. All his lame evasions would not do, for with the keen penetration which suffering gives, she easily divined the truth.

"You have no money I see, and as you say you are not to return to the Hermitage in the morning, I know the colonel has dismissed you in anger and without a fee. John Foy, you do not know how for the last few hours this hope was causing new life to spring up in me, but now—now—"

She clasped her hands, and again the expression of mute madness which the doctor so much dreaded to see, came over her face. In a few minutes she

was seized with slight convulsions ; the fit soon passed away, and then she sank down incapable of motion, and all but unconscious.

Colonel Moxton was singularly restless during the period of his nephew's absence with Dr. Foy ; he moaned deeply, and his eyes indicated the utmost anxiety ; he kept glancing unceasingly to the door, as if he pined for some intelligence of deep import—something strangely calculated to interest a soul just passing away from this world, for well was he aware that his last hour was approaching. Yes, Charles Moxton required no physician to tell him that his end was at hand ; he had deeply studied many matters, and this among the number. He was evidently sinking rapidly now ; it was with pain that he moved hand or head ; his bodily strength was gone, and still his mind was strong as ever.

The insane woman sat perpetually by his pillow, but now she seemed much struck by his agitated looks ; she knew in her darkened mind that he was disturbed, and she bent over him, touching his brow with her whitened hair, and merely uttering in her strange accents—"Charles—Charles."

The dying man gently motioned her to be seated.

"Go, go—leave me," he said. "You fell at once beneath the small temptation which awaited you ; it was nothing to this by which *he* is tried. Go, Fatima ; it was a black deed—and I was so sure that all my teaching had uprooted the love of gold and jewels in you—"

"The jewels—the bright diamonds," she said, but not with her usual vacant gleefulness, and she did not exhibit the costly bracelet on her arm ; she seemed struck by some newly-awakened fear or thought, for her lips became white and tremulous.

"It was a fearful deed, Fatima ; but the grand passion was deep in you—cursed—accursed love of riches. God of heaven, how few dost thou see, as thou lookest down on this mean world, whom money could not tempt to crime—ah, is *he* tempted—has *he* yielded !"

At length Arthur returned. With wonderful intensity did the dying man scan his face for a moment, and then his own wan countenance brightened.

"He has not been tempted," he said, eagerly.

"I have tried him to the utmost extent of my powers," answered Arthur, "and I have found him incorruptible in the greatest degree ; worlds would not, I believe, tempt him to injure a hair of his worst enemy's head, much less to plot against his life for the sake of money."

"You enlarged strongly on my being past all hope of recovery, and therefore its not being accounted a flagrant murder to administer poison to me ?"

"Yes, I was eloquent on the point as I could be in a business so distasteful to me."

"And you aggravated his poverty to him, and represented strongly what a thousand or two would be to him in his present situation ?"

"I did all this."

"And you offered him half my fortune if he would join you in giving me poison ?"

"I failed in nothing, believe me, uncle, and he shrank from the proposed guilt in the utmost horror ; all the money in the world would not tempt John Foy to do a wicked action, of this you may be perfectly assured."

"Thank God—oh God, I thank thee for one perfectly honest man in the world, and much more when he is of my own kindred, and the man whom I wished to find incorruptible."

A feeling of deep and calm holiness overspread the dying man's countenance as he gazed gently upwards ; the hard lines of austerity were softened ; the whole face had suddenly lost much of its usual stern severity.

"And now," continued Arthur, "I have to request of you, my uncle, that you will leave at least the full half of all your property to this poor and deserving cousin, John Foy. I am a nearer relation certainly, but I am young, and, thank God, have energies and I should hope the power to win as much wealth as I shall ever covet. Had you seen how deadly coloured the face of this poor doctor became as he thought of the great and deep happiness which the sum you mentioned as having bequeathed to him, but intended to revoke, would produce in his poor household, and remembered that he had lost it all—it was a hard thing even to look on his miserable face. I know he has suffered most frightfully from poverty, and yet the integrity of the man is immovable. His great delicacy of feeling is singular too, for he might have come with a report to you of my startling proposal, and by so doing ingratiate himself much with you, he might have thought, but this he would not do ; he would not, if possible, disturb you in your feeble state. He is a noble fellow ; he deserves your whole fortune."

"He deserves no such thing," exclaimed the colonel, with much of his old abruptness of manner ; "you judge very foolishly, young man ; John Foy has only acted as it was his duty to do—guilt deserves punishment, but virtue should be its own reward. In this case my cousin shall certainly reap much benefit from his conscientious conduct, but it is not because I think he deserves it for not committing the great crime to which he was tempted ; I shall leave him property because he is my relation, and worthy of riches, if there is any good in them. I shall not wrong you, Arthur, for you are amongst thousands for noble unselfishness of nature. Ah, how faint I am growing in body—the spirit will soon be free."

He drank a small portion of a restorative medicine which Arthur carried to his lips—a medicine of his own compounding, and seemed revived.

At that moment the solicitor, who was the colonel's agent on his Irish property, and managed his business, entered. Writing materials were ready at hand ; and the solicitor wrote, as the colonel, in tones becoming rapidly more feeble, dictated to him slowly and at intervals.

For hours had John Foy sat in a scantily-furnished, gloomy, double-bedded room, watching one moment the restless breathings of his daughter, Maria, who was the victim of a slow, wasting fever, which had latterly, notwithstanding all her father's care, assumed dangerous symptoms ; and again looking on the bloodless and fixed face of his wife, who, by her own wishes, had been conveyed to the same room with her sick daughter. She lay apparently in a kind of trance, taking little notice when the doctor addressed her. The doctor was waiting anxiously for day to appear, in order that he might go out, and try if he had any one friend in the town from whom he might borrow money—for it must be done, he had no other hope. There were no more calls for that night—no single prospect of a fee reaching his hand, though there were various sick people just at the moment in the town ; still none of them had called in Doctor Foy. There were too many physicians for one neighbourhood ; or he was, with all his skill, unpopular, perhaps because the pestilence of poverty was markedly on him and his family. But he must bestir himself. The sick girl, Maria, required good wine, and nourishing food, and the house contained neither. His hungry boys would soon be up, and calling for breakfast—ay, calling for

breakfast, which the father knew not as yet how to obtain for them. And but last night he had seen a thousand pounds almost his, and then lost for ever! His hair had been long grey, or that thought might have whitened it during the progress of the dreary hours.

He was standing watching the sun rising with all the brightness and hope of a beautiful new summer day over this world, in which there is so much ever-enduring gloom in human feelings. Deep thoughts were in his mind of the beautiful still; and even with all his causes of sorrow, he had a momentary happiness in that glorious sunrise; but he was called away from the scene by the heavy moans of his daughter.

Just then he heard a knock at his street door. His heart bounded violently—it was surely a call. A letter was shortly afterwards put into his hands. He opened it with tremulous fingers, and read, with astonished eagerness, the following:—

"I owe you many apologies, cousin John, for the rough manner in which I dismissed you from my presence; but I did it for a purpose: I wished to test how far your conscientiousness would stand against your great necessity for money, and your love of money. I am now satisfied, and you will please pardon my rude treatment. You will think me very eccentric, doubtless, for subjecting you to temptation as I have done; but, John Foy, you know not in how many instances I have found the love of money to overturn every good principle. I have seen honourable men—men whom the world esteemed good and most trustworthy, sell almost their very souls for money. Money has been, in my eyes, the great tempting demon, before whose influence but little of the weak virtue of this world endures. There was a beautiful girl, whom I loved with a wonderful intensity in my early days. She was not of a Christian race; but her dying father, who was favourably disposed to Christianity, and thought highly of Englishmen, had left her to my guardianship. I converted her to our faith, and trained her mind to virtue and nobleness; and firmly believed there was never an English girl more gentle and good. Well, there came a merchant, who was a relation of this girl, to the house in which she lived. He displayed to her a quantity of very beautiful and valuable jewels, which he was carrying with him. The sight aroused the demon in her. That very night she administered poison to the merchant, and seized on the most costly of his jewels. She did this, although she was already rich in the very article for which she committed murder and robbery. John Foy, when I learned this most foul act, there was a turn given to my brain, and it has ever since dwelt, perhaps you will say madly, on the particular point of the fiendish power of wealth to tempt the world. The vehemence of my anger arousing the strong feelings of the guilty girl, made her a maniac—the same maniac who now, a grey-haired woman, bends over my pillow. I tell you this, in order to explain my connection with her, and account for the peculiar bias of my mind.

"I can say little more to you, because the seal of death is almost placed over my lips; but I must remind you that my nephew, Arthur Moxton, is no the wretch you take him for. He is an excellent young man, one of the few in this world over whom the temptations of money could have no influence. He will be a constant friend to you when I am seen no more here. I shall be happy to see you again, if I am not past looking on all human things when you receive this. I enclose you a trifling remuneration for the true and sincere opinion of my case which you gave. John Foy, if you and I meet no more as living men here, may we meet again in the great world, on the verge of which I am pausing—that blessed world where there shall be no more striving, nor struggling, nor cheating, nor sinning for riches. And now, cousin, farewell."

More than ten long years had passed away since so bright a smile shone in the hollow eyes of John Foy as at this moment. He held the inclosures in the letter close to his eyes, in order that there might be no mistake. Yes, it was very certain; there were two bank bills for fifty pounds each. He rose, and went to the side of his wife. She looked up on him with eyes of blank misery.

"Margaret," said the doctor, "look on this, and then earnestly thank God."

He held the bank bills before her.

She seemed not to understand it—not to believe it. She had been so long accustomed to the darkness of evil fortune, that this sudden light bewildered her. At last, the whole bright, beautiful truth was taken in. She clasped the bank bills to her bosom, and gazed up with a delicious-looking joy—a hundred pounds!—a whole hundred pounds their own! She rose from her bed, and wound her arms around the neck of her sick daughter, and kissed her parched lips and brow, and smiled, and laughed, and at last wept.

The doctor thought of reproving her for exhibiting a joy so intense on the occasion of the acquisition of a little money; but then he remembered all the blackness of the poverty over which this golden fortune was at last beaming down like a direct light from heaven; and he was silent.

As soon as possible he reached the Hermitage again; but, much to his regret, he learned that the colonel had died immediately before his arrival. He died calmly, in perfect possession of his faculties to the last moment.

When the will was read, Dr. Foy was there. The bulk of the property, which was considerable, was bequeathed to Arthur Moxton; but there was a legacy of seven thousand pounds to John Foy. The demon of poverty fled from the poor doctor's sight for ever, as with great gratitude—the deepest gratitude, and much surprise, he heard the bequest. He became a popular physician, too, immediately; and when he had no occasion for practice, no deep necessity, he obtained it largely.

NAPOLÉON AT ST. HELENA.

[Second Notice.]

We are now about to inquire what new light these records of the conversations and dictations of Napoleon throw on the incidents of his historical career, and in this examination we must bear in mind that the Emperor is the commentator on his own actions, and therefore naturally disposed to set them in the most favourable light. We must also observe, that he followed no regular plan or order in his dissertations; some incident of the day, some casual remark in conversation, suggested the subject for discussion, and he summoned his secretary to write while this subject was prominent in memory. There is still another question, the solution of which must depend on our estimate of Count Montholon's character, namely, the fidelity of the reports of conversations and dictations. There is this presumption in their favour, that they harmonise with all the other accounts of Napoleon's opinions that rest on anything like good authority; and that they are replete with unstudied traits of individuality. There are two dissertations,—one on Holland and the other on Corsica,—which enter more deeply into historical and antiquarian details than the occasions to which they are ascribed would seem to justify; but, as Napoleon was a little proud of his knowledge of modern history, he may have thought that a professional lecture would be a source of recreation in the dullness of St. Helena.

The first historical point to which our attention is directed is the alleged

murder of Captain Wright. The commander of one of the squadron that escorted the Emperor to St. Helena was also named Wright, and this circumstance naturally introduced the subject:—

"His name struck the Emperor: 'Are you a relation,' he asked one day, 'of the Captain Wright whom your libellers accuse me of having strangled?' 'Yes, sire,' answered he, 'and by my faith I should be curious to know from you how the poor devil killed himself; for I never believed that you had hung him without reason.' 'Well, I will tell you,' answered the Emperor. 'Captain Wright commanded the brig which, during four months, had been landing on the steep shores of Bèville the accomplices of Georges, Coster, St. Victor Lahage, and St. Hilaire, who had already figured in the plot of the infernal machine. They concealed themselves by day in farms or country houses, forming stations between Paris and the coast; they had a great deal of money, paid largely, and easily corrupted poor peasants; one named Mekée de la Fouché, whom your minister paid to favour conspiracies, but had sold himself to my police, gave the first information concerning these disembarkments, and the secret object of the cruise of Captain Wright's Brig. I was weary of all these intrigues, and resolved to put an end to them. I ordered the records of the police to be brought: one evening, when I was turning them over, I remarked, I knew not why, the name of a young man, named Goëral, calling himself a student of medicine; I ordered him to be immediately brought before a council of war, to be watched with care, and notice to be taken of all his words. My foresight was just; he confessed everything after his condemnation to death, and, in order to gain his pardon, detailed all the smallest particulars of the plot. Savary received orders to proceed to the place indicated, accompanied by disguised *gens d'armes*: he surprised a party disembarking. At this same time, Captain Wright, a description of whom had been sent to all the different points of the coast, ventured to set his foot on land; he was immediately arrested, conducted to Paris, and imprisoned in the Temple. I might have had him included in the number of the accomplices of Georges, and have had him judged and condemned along with them: I did not do it; I would have kept him in prison till the peace, but grief and remorse overwhelmed him—he committed suicide; and you English ought to be less astonished than any other people at such an occurrence, because amongst you suicide is almost a national habit. Your ministers seized this opportunity to accuse me of a crime, as in the case of Pichegru, although they knew very well that Pichegru's presence before a criminal tribunal would have been a hundred times more advantageous to my cause than his death. But it mattered little to them to lie to their own consciences—it was one calumny more."

Few persons now believe Napoleon to have been guilty of assassination; with all his faults, he had nothing mean nor treacherous in his character. Wright was a victim beneath the scope of his vengeance, were he inclined to indulge such a passion; and no adequate motive can be assigned for the anxiety of any party to remove the unfortunate man out of the way. His defence of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien was equally sincere, though not equally satisfactory:—

"The Emperor had written and sealed up his will about twelve days, when he first saw, in the European papers, in relation to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, an attack as unjust as it was virulent against two persons to whom no blame whatever attached. These were the Dukes of Vicenza and Rovigo.—'Bring me my will,' said he; and having broken the seal by a convulsive movement, he seized his pen, and wrote, in characters scarcely legible, 'I decreed and determined the death of the Duke d'Enghien, because it was necessary for the safety, interest, and honour of the French people, when the Count d'Artois maintained sixty assassins in Paris. Under the same circumstances, I would act in the same manner.' An hour after having performed this act, he called us, made us seal up the will and codicils, and place our own seals and signatures upon the envelopes."

In order that this defence should be valid, satisfactory evidence should be adduced to connect the residence of the Duc d'Enghien at Eltenheim with the Royalist plots in Paris. There was proof that the conspirators expected and from one of the French princes; Napoleon jumped to the conclusion that this prince must be the one nearest the frontier: Thiers declares that he was mistaken, and that the Duc de Berry was the prince designed to head the meditated insurrection. Napoleon might palliate the crime, by referring to the alarm produced by the Royalist plots; he might have shown that it was committed in haste and under misapprehension; but to justify it, by referring to the conduct of other branches of the Bouillons, was hardly less a blunder than the deed itself. The third deed of personal spite ascribed to Napoleon was the incarceration and torture of the Count d'Entraigues, which once held a conspicuous place in the bead-roll of crimes with which it was the fashion to charge "the perfidious Corsican." Count Montholon turns the tables on the accuser:—

"Just as the French army was entering Venice, Count d'Entraigues escaped from that town. He was stopped at the Brenta by the troops of Bernadotte's division, and sent to head quarters at Milan. The Count d'Entraigues was from Nivernois. As one of the deputies from the nobility to the constituent assembly, he was an ardent patriot in '88 and '89; but shortly after the beginning of the general assembly, being a nephew of M. de St. Priest, he changed sides, emigrated, and was one of the principal agents of royalty in other countries, and unceasing in his intrigues. He had been at Venice for two years, nominally attached to the English Embassy, but in fact, as minister of the counter-revolution, and putting himself at the head of all the plots for injuring or rising against the French army. He was suspected of having had a share in the massacre at Verona. Generals Berthier and Clarke searched his papers, made a list of all the contents of his secrétaire, and sent this list to Paris. The French government sent an answer, ordering d'Entraigues to be brought before a military tribunal, and judged according to the laws of the republic; but, in the meantime, he had interested Napoleon, who had seen him several times. Not ignorant of the dangers of his position, he took pains to please him who alone had power over his fate; he spoke to him without reserve, discovered to him several intrigues then in progress, and compromised his party much more than he was called on to do. This plan succeeded; he was allowed to reside in the town on his parole, and shortly afterwards made his escape into Switzerland. So little attention had been paid to him, that it was only some six or seven days after his departure from Milan, that it was discovered that he had broken his parole. Not long afterwards, a sort of pamphlet by him was spread all over Germany and Italy, calumniating his benefactor. He described the horrible dungeon in which he had been immured, the torments which he had suffered, the boldness which he had displayed, and the risks he had run to obtain his liberty. Every one at Milan, where he had been seen in every company, on the public promenade and elsewhere, was indignant at this conduct; several members of the corps diplomatique shared the general indignation, and even published declarations on the subject."

The massacre of the Turks, and poisoning of the sick in Jaffa, have been so

often discussed that the world is weary of the subject. Count Montholon adds nothing to what has been long before the public; he simply denies the poisoning, and extenuates the massacre on the plea that these Turks had violated the capitulation of El Arish. It is not stated how the identity of the victims was ascertained, and unless this had been established satisfactorily, the foul-lade of eight hundred men must still stand in history as a barbarous atrocity.

But it would be unjust to infer from this incident that Napoleon was naturally of a sanguinary disposition; he always spoke with horror of the excesses of the Jacobins in the French Revolution, and declared that the dread of similar crimes being perpetrated, prevented him from maintaining a civil war in 1815:

"It was the 3rd of September; the Emperor remarked upon this on reading the date of the despatch which I communicated to him. He was in the drawing-room, sitting before a large fire, and said to us:—'It is to-day the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the massacres of September, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution; a bloody stain, which was the act of the Commune of Paris,—a rival power to the legislature, which built its strength upon the passions of the dregs of the people. I often asked Roederer, who was procurer-general, for an explanation of this massacre, commenced without any apparent cause he always answered, that it was an act of fanaticism; the Commune neither called it forth nor protected it, and merely let it alone, because it would have compromised itself had it endeavoured to prevent it. The Septemberists did not pillage; they only wished to murder, and they even hanged one of their own number for having appropriated a watch which belonged to one of their victims. They danced like cannibals around the still palpitating body of the Princess de Lamballe, while devouring her heart. We must acknowledge, that there has been no political change, without a fit of popular vengeance, as soon as, for any cause whatever, the mass of the people enter into action. The Prussian army had arrived within forty leagues of Paris, the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick was to be seen on all the walls, of the city, the people had persuaded themselves that the first pledge of the safety of the revolution was the death of all the royalists. They ran to the prisons and intoxicated themselves with blood, to the cry of 'Vive la Revolution.' Their energy had an electric effect, by the fear with which it inspired the one party, and the example it gave to the other: 100,000 volunteers joined the army, and the revolution was saved. I might have saved my crown, by letting loose the people against the men of the restoration. You will recollect, Montholon, when at the head of your regiment of *franchisés*, you wished to punish the treachery of Fouché, and to proclaim my dictatorship—I did not choose to do so: my whole being revolted at the thought of being king another Jacques.'

Napoleon on several occasions entered into a laboured defence of his conduct towards Holland, seeming to evince a lurking consciousness that he had not treated Louis well, after he had given him the crown of that country. The origin of the coolness between Napoleon and Louis is thus stated:—

"An accidental circumstance which occurred during this campaign (against Russia), developed in the mind of the king of Holland the feeling of distrust which destroyed all his relations with the Emperor. General Dupont-Chaumont, the minister of France at the Hague, under the former government, had not yet been accredited to the government of the king, although he still continued to be the channel through which all diplomatic relations were carried on. He was an old soldier of reputation, and a man of talent; the king induced him to accompany him to the army, perhaps to enjoy the benefits of his military experience, and perhaps, also, because of the interest which he felt in the recital of the early events of our revolution, and of the wars of the republic, in which this general had taken a very active part. All the reserve of diplomacy gradually disappeared before the intimacy of military companionship; the most secret instructions of the ambassador were divulged; the king learned that, if new credentials were not delivered to him, if he was only regarded in the grand army as a French prince, of the order of the union, the guards of the Dutch marshals, and finally the coronation itself still remained, notwithstanding his warm importunity, questions unresolved by the Emperor, it was because the affairs of Holland were not yet definitively settled in his political scheme, and that the country was reserved as a sacrifice for a peace with England. It was from this circumstance that was dated Louis's resolution secretly to resist all my wishes, my advice, and even my orders. 'I cannot,' said he, 'resist my brother by open force, but, if I have been deceived by him as to the character which awaited me as king of Holland, I will prove, at least, to my people and to posterity, that nothing has been able to make me deviate from what I owe to a country which has become mine, and to which I am bound by the most sacred oaths and obligations.'

It appears that Napoleon was not the only emperor whose brothers were ambitious of kingdoms; he told Count Montholon:—

"—after Wagram I did not partition Austria; I could have done so—nothing would have been easier; for one of the arch-dukes begged me to separate the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary from that of Austria; and he said to me:—'Place me upon the throne, I will give you every possible guarantee that you can require, and then only you will have nothing to fear from the Austrian power, whose policy is the depression of France. Metternich is your personal enemy; my brother suffers himself to be led blindfold by him: and, whatever may be said, he will still remain master under the reign of my nephew.'

An act of mercy and policy in Bonaparte's Italian campaigns deserves to be recorded; for though it is noticed by some historians, it has been passed over in silence by too many:—

"Several thousand French priests, who had left their country, were now sojourning in Italy; and in proportion as the French army advanced into the Peninsula, the tide was rolled back upon Rome. As soon, however, as the army entered the papal states, they found themselves deprived of further means of retreat or refuge. Some of the more timid had crossed the Adige in good time, and returned into Germany, for Naples had refused them an asylum. The heads of the different convents, on whose resources they were a heavy burden, seized upon the pretext of the arrival of the army, and affected to fear that the presence of the French priests would draw down the vengeance of the conqueror upon their convents, and they drove away those unfortunate men. Napoleon made a decree, and issued a proclamation, in which he relieved the apprehensions of the French priests, and commanded the convents, bishops, and chapters, to receive them, and to furnish them with everything necessary for their support and comfort. He prescribed to them the duty of looking upon those priests as friends and countrymen, and ordered them to receive and treat them as such. The whole army became animated by the same feelings, and this led to a great number of very affecting scenes: many of the soldiers recognised their old pastors, and these unfortunate old men, living in exile many hundred leagues from their own country, received, for the first time, marks of respect and affection from their countrymen, who, until then, had treated them as enemies and criminals. The news of this measure

was spread abroad throughout the whole of Christendom, and especially in France. Some critics were unfavourable to this policy, but their views were stifled by the feeling of general approbation, and especially by that of the directory."

The conduct of Napoleon in the dispute between the Grisons and the Valtelins has been much misrepresented: he is said to have acted as an enemy to the liberties and independence of Switzerland, though the course he pursued was that of a friend to justice and freedom:—

"Napoleon had a dislike to interfere in any questions which might have reference to Switzerland, and which, in this point of view, were of general importance. However, having caused the documents relating to the affair to be shown to him, which were preserved in the archives of Milan, he perceived that the Milanese government was called upon to give a guarantee; and as the Grison league also solicited his protection, to cause their subjects to re-enter into their allegiance, he accepted the office of mediator, and ordered the two parties to present themselves before his tribunal, in the course of the following month of July, to defend their respective rights. During this delay the Grison league implored the assistance of the Helvetic body. Barthélemy, the French minister at Berne, solicited warmly in their favour. At length, after many proceedings on both sides, Napoleon, before giving a final decision, advised the two parties to have recourse to an amicable arrangement, and proposed to them as a means of conciliation, that the Valtelins should make a fourth in the Grison league, equal in everything to the three others. This advice deeply wounded the pride of the Grison peasants. They could not understand how a peasant who drank the waters of the Adde, could be the equal of one who drank the waters of the Rhine. They were indignant at such an unreasonable proposal as that of equalling Catholic peasants, speaking Italian, rich and enlightened, with Protestant peasants, speaking German, poor and ignorant. The ring-leaders did not share these prejudices, but they were led astray by their interests. The Valtelins was for them a very important source of revenue and of riches, which they could not resolve upon giving up. They intrigued at Paris, at Vienna, at Berne. Everywhere they received promises; they were advised to gain time; they were blamed for having invited and accepted any mediation. They declined making any arrangement, and did not even send any deputies at the time appointed for discussing, before their mediator, the question regarding the treaties, in opposition to the deputies of the Valtelins. Napoleon condemned the Grison league by default; and as an arbitrator chosen by the two parties, and the representative of the Milanese Government which had guaranteed the capitulations of the Valtelins, he pronounced his judgment in these terms, on the 16th Vendémiaire, year 6 (October 10th, 1797.):—

In our review of 'The Nelson Despatches,' we had occasion to introduce the name of Queen Caroline of Naples; we shall take from Napoleon an anecdote illustrative, if true, of the character of one for whose gratification our naval hero incurred the darkest reproach that stains his reputation:—

"The aged Queen Caroline of Naples was living in Sicily, overwhelmed with vexation, and steeped in humiliations. The English had unworthily sacrificed her to the ambitious views upon Sicily. She was thirsting for vengeance, and her imagination—degraded by all the blood which she had caused to be shed, when the unskillfulness of the directory re-opened to her the gates of Naples—could not be restrained within any bounds, when she thought she saw a ray of hope. The marriage of one of her daughters with the Duke of Orleans was made subservient to the policy of the moment. On the birth of the Duke de Chartres, she conceived the infernal idea of offering him up as a holocaust, in order to buy back the crown of Naples. 'This child,' she wrote to the Emperor, 'will one day become a dangerous rival of your son; he will fully represent a principle of conciliation between interests which you have amalgamated in appearance, but which your death will separate anew. Restore to me the crown of Naples, and I will at the same time serve your cause, and satiate my hatred of the English, by new Sicilian Vespers, which will swallow up a whole race of rivals of your dynasty.' The Emperor was filled with indignation, and caused the bearer of this execrable message to be conveyed to a state-prison, where he would have long remained, had not the events of 1814 restored him to liberty."

Napoleon's opinion of Lord Castlereagh's negotiations at Vienna was not more contemptuous than that of the world in general; but the Emperor, instead of attributing it to vanity, duped by the politic civilities of kings and emperors, ascribes it to a systematic design against the liberties of the English people:—

"The conduct of the English ministry at the Congress of Vienna, and the negotiations of the treaty of 1815; its forgetfulness of all duty and patriotism can only be explained on the supposition of a secret design, the object of which was to reduce the English people under the yoke of military power; to forge chains to fetter all their liberties; to reduce their constitutional institutions to the shadow of their former selves, and to cover them with the mantle of despotism, all which would be in perfect accordance with those principles which Prince Metternich wished, and wishes, to triumph as the rule of European organization born at the Congress of Vienna. The liberty of England is a subject of continual alarm in Vienna and Petersburg. When the English people feel the royal yoke too heavy to bear; or when their distress becomes insupportable—the grape-shot or the cord of the executioner are the implements of justice. This is possible as long as the evil has not penetrated to the marrow of the masses; but when it has touched the vitals, then those who were only a mob in the deluded eyes of power, become a nation; and then it is seen when too late, that it is indeed the masses which constitute the people, and not a few nobles or millionnaires; for the rabble no sooner gains the ascendancy than it changes its name, and calls itself the nation. If conquered, a few wretches are seized—they are denominated rebels or robbers; and thus the world goes: Mob, robbers, rebels, or heroes, according to the chances of the strife. Poor humanity!"

The following anecdote is new: it shows that Napoleon had learned one great lesson from experience:—

"Some news which he received from his brother Joseph led him to speak of Spain; he told me that during the hundred days, the most influential chiefs of the Cortes of Cadiz, the guerillas and the army, had communicated with him, and assured him that an aid in money would enable them to bring back King Joseph to Madrid, and to effect in Spain what the landing at Cannes had produced in France; so deeply had an immense majority of the Spaniards become aware, since the return of Ferdinand, of all the benefits to Spain contained in the constitution of Bayonne. 'In any other circumstances,' added the Emperor, 'I would have assisted them, but I did not wish to render my position more complicated by interfering in the affairs of others, before having finished my own. I could not forget that the misfortunes of 1813 and 1814, proceeded from my intervention in the affairs of Spain. It was the events of Bayonne which destroyed my morality in Europe, divided my forces, multiplied my em-

barrassments, and opened a school to the English army; I committed, besides, great faults in the choice of my instruments, for the fault lies much more in the machinery than in the principle."

A conversation on the death of the Emperor Paul, afforded Napoleon an opportunity of illustrating his favourite doctrine of fatality:—

"Paul was a man who had a soul, and was accessible to noble resolutions, but all his moral faults were concentrated by the restless forbodings of that animal instinct which I have so often observed in some of my bravest soldiers: Lasalle, for example, who in the middle of the night wrote to me from bivouac on the battle-field of Wagram, to ask me to sign immediately the decree for the transmission of his title and his *majourat* of Count to his wife's son, because he felt that he was about to fall in the battle on the ensuing day; and the unfortunate man was right. Cervoni, who stood near me at Eckmühl, and now faced cannon for the first time since the war in Italy, said to me, 'Sire, you forced me to quit Marseilles, which I loved, by writing to me that the Cross of the Legion of Honour was only to be won by soldiers in the presence of the enemy. Here I am—but this is my last day.' A quarter of an hour afterwards, a ball carried away his head. Paul I. was constantly dreaming of conspiracies and assassination. He had brought a skilful mechanic from abroad, in order to make him a number of secret passages by which he might escape from the different chambers which he most frequently used in his palace. There was one man alone who had his entire confidence, and that was Count Pahlen, governor of St. Petersburg, and chief director of the police. He was at supper with the general the night before his assassination, when he received a letter revealing to him the most minute details, the whole scheme of the conspiracy, naming Count Pahlen as the chief, and warning him that the plot was completely ripe for execution. Some fatality prevented him from breaking the seal, and he thought no more of it when he retired to his private apartments. Had he opened the letter, he would have been saved!"

If this work is to be continued, we should recommend that the facilities of reference should be increased: conversations and dictations following no chronological order, and relating to a vast variety of subjects, require every assistance that can be afforded to render them available for consultation.

THE LATE STRUGGLES OF ABD-EL-KADER, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF ISLY.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—[Continued.]

THE BATTLE OF ISLY.

Next morning rose divinely, and a sweet breeze, blowing from the Mediterranean, laid a hand of balmy refreshment upon my fevered and throbbing temples.

And now for the last of my martial memorandums. For meantime great deeds were being done in the Plain. All Europe had its eyes fixed upon the movements of the Marshal. Leaving the army for a few days, he had hurried back to Tlemcen, and then he had as swiftly returned again. And now the column advanced; and De Lamoriciere was also once more among the troops. On they went, until, at length, such swarms, ever increasing in numbers and audacity, of Maroquine and Arabian horsemen had gathered in front of the forces, that really it seemed a fool-hardy hope that the latter should be able to make head permanently against them in that remote and unfriendly region. The French troops amounted not in all perhaps to seven thousand men, chiefly infantry. The Barbarians were between twenty-five and thirty thousand strong, and almost entirely horse. The country was propitious to these horse and to their bird-like evolutions. This state of affairs filled the mind of the Marshal and of his officers with anxiety. Some of them were most anxious to come to a general engagement. But the difficulty was to execute that project; for the enemy did not seem to know his own mind; and, like a bad player at chess, regulated his operations inversely, according to the apparent wish of his opponent, rather than by the immutable rules of sound sense, or by a clear perception of real utility. If the Marshal wished to fight, the Maroquine leader wished to fly; and if the Marshal would but fly, the former was then for fighting. This vacillating and unenlightened system of tactics proved clearly that the counsels of Abd El-Kader did not as yet animate—unthwarted—the Moorish evolutions. For Abd El-Kader has much intellectual decision; he judges for himself, and with admirable sagacity. If he even knew for certain that the best of the French Generals—say De Lamoriciere—considered it an unquestionable advantage to the French that an engagement should take place under certain circumstances, that knowledge of the able Frenchman's opinion would but slightly influence the views of the Emir; it would certainly not force him to think in the same way, on the ground that his opponent could not have erred; he would coolly examine and study the question for himself, with all the energies of his astute and Punic understanding; and he might often, as he often has, come to the very contrary opinion.

Whether by accident or design, a fortunate plan was now adopted by Marshal Bugeaud. This plan inspired the Maroquine camp with an eagerness for battle, and exactly accommodated the French exigencies; for when the Moors desired battle, the French gained it; and then the only perplexity was to persuade the Moors to desire it again. The plan was retreat.

When the little army of France struck its tents, and the tricoloured flag began to fade upon the far horizon, an inconceivable joy and uproar arose among the Ishmaelites. Now were the Franks fleeing before the children of the Prophet! The crescent should be borne in triumph to Oran, to Algiers, and to the distant coral fisheries of Bona! Nay, they would cross the seas with the symbol of their fierce superstition, and avenge upon the homes of the Christians the wrongs and woes which had been, during so many years, inflicted upon the territory of Mohammedan warriors! Who could tell but they might storm Rome itself, and instal the black horse of Abd El-Kader upon the grand altar of St. Peter's! Such were the visionary glories which danced before their imaginations, luring them forward with fatuous and illusory hopes; and banishing from their minds all but a contemptuous recollection of the little band of bayonets and the still smaller cluster of indomitable horsemen, with a few field-guns, that continued to sweep swiftly before them, plunging into the horizon, almost as soon as overtaken by the eye.

This game lasted for several days. The two moving camps were now not very far from the frontiers of Barbary. At moments the hostile armies were out of sight; but then the Moors would quicken the pace; and generally, at nightfall, their camp fires illumined the western sky, as with ten thousand fallen stars, only of ruddier hue. The Barbarians had increased in numbers; messengers had been despatched, or had voluntarily departed on all sides, upon swift horses, to tell every tribe, and town, and deira in the distance, even beyond the desert, and almost to the wastes of ancient Getulia;—nay, to inform every Numidian robber, every Berber shepherd, every Libyan cavalier, that the

unbelievers had at length bowed before the will of Allah and of destiny, and were fleeing.

Thus, what the French gained in advantage of position and in proximity to their supports, they lost in warlike ascendancy, in the terrors of their renown, and in moral force. Nay, even in physical force they did not wholly gain by this retrograde movement; for the army of the enemy was daily and hourly swelling even beyond its originally too great superiority, its originally too dangerous disproportion. It was felt that an important crisis had come. The hour had struck for battle.

But then,—it was really no small enterprise to attempt the overthrow of that mighty host, flushed with arrogance, and stubbornly bent on winning one victory at last. Numerous councils of war were held. The subject was not now whether to fight was advisable, for all the Generals and superior officers were agreed upon not merely the propriety of fighting, but upon its necessity. The subject, therefore, of debate, was not whether to fight was advisable, but how to fight, and how best to oppose the vast and mighty cavalry-force of the enemy. At these councils no Captain was present; they were composed of the Lieutenant-Generals, the Major-Generals, the Colonels, the Lieutenant-Colonels, the *Chefs d'Escadron*, and the *Chefs de Bataillon* (who correspond to our Majors of cavalry and infantry), all presided over by the Viceroy.

After repeated discussions, and the maturest consideration of the subject in all its bearings, the wary Marshal fixed upon his plan.

It was this:—To return rapidly upon the pursuers; then throwing the infantry into many hollow-squares, to arrange these latter in the form of one vast hollow quadrangle. In the centre should be posted the guns, which were to play through gaps to be left at the corners of the quadrangle. The cavalry were at first to be stationed inside this bristling barricade of bayonets, and near the artillery; but were to sally forth at a moment's notice, either for the decisive and victorious charge at the close of the day, or to take advantage of any earlier opportunity which the confusion and discomfiture of the Barbarians might afford. To give more effectiveness to this wise and excellent plan, to which I would offer my poor meed of approbation, but which was no more the Marshal's than it was that of his several Generals and officers,—it was further decided that the attack should be made abruptly, and with all the suddenness of a surprise. This was the only part of the plan not reduced to execution, and the reason it was not reduced to execution was, that some deserters on that very night set spurs to their horses, and apprised the foe of the impending onslaught.

Colonel Tartas was now invested with the command of all the horse; General Budeau received an important division under his especial control; and it needs hardly to be said that De Lamoriciere was likely to make his department important, whatever was its intended nature: nor was he the only one who distinguished himself on the morrow. Or, Youssef or Jussof, the Arabian Colonel of the Spahis, was bestowed the rank of Major General, for his services during the next day's battle. The other details of authority were apportioned carefully to the several officers, and then it was announced to the troops that an engagement would be fought on the morrow. This diffused much satisfaction and pleasure through the camp—the baggage was loaded, the muskets were looked to, the horses were sedulously cared, the watches were appointed, and then the night lit up her diamond-like glories over that sanguinary soldiery.

And now, as usual in the western sky, but at the extreme verge of the horizon, and in fewer numbers than hitherto, the camp-fires of the enemy's advanced guard began to gleam upon the night. It was evidently a mere detachment far in advance of the main body, and pushed forward for observation.

Before the third watch of the night, a confused rush of horses' feet startled the western portion of the camp; and some five or six French carabineers were seen deserting at full gallop over the plain. The outermost sentinel discharged his musket, and one of the traitors fell dead. The escape of the rest was announced to the Marshal, who felt, with some anxiety, that the attack of the morrow could henceforth be no surprise.

Scarcely had the deserters vanished in the gloom of night, when a dim pageant of galloping horsemen drew the attention of the sentinels. The newcomers seemed to emerge from the dark line where the deserters had been lost to view, and must have crossed the latter. Each hostile band had swerved aside to give the other large offing; and the French in the camp could hear one or two dropping pistol shots, which were probably discharged at full gallop. A moment more, and the fluttering white dresses of the riders announced them to be Arabs. They halted at due distance, declared themselves deserters, were examined and spoken to by a Lieutenant, and were introduced into the camp. It transpired shortly afterwards, that Abd El Kader was with the Maroquine forces; that he possessed several Goums, and indeed that his following numbered, at the least four thousand horsemen.

The new French soldiers, or those who had never chanced to see this famous chieftain, were delighted at the intelligence; and in the meantime they appeased the eagerness of their curiosity by devouring with excited ears the descriptions which the old campaigners gave of this Moslem Prince, and the anecdotes which they told of his prowess, and of the charm which protected his life from ball or sabre.

"On one occasion," said a veteran, "I was stationed in front of Abd-El-Kader, who was charging our bayonets in person. A few horses had impaled themselves already upon our steel; when the Emir himself appeared before us in the centre, as usual, of a line of kindred and friends; he wore a green turban of silk, spangled with gold; a crescent blazing with jewels was set just over his dark forehead, and looked like the new moon, in miniature. Nothing could be finer than his appearance, or more stately than his air. He was not a half pistol shot from the muzzles of our muskets. The whole company fired at him, taking deliberate aim, and even laying the cheek upon the musket, in their eagerness of making sure of him. When the smoke cleared away, about two thirds of the line that surrounded him were fallen from their horses, and lay upon the ground, either dead or dying, and weltering in their blood. But Abd-El-Kader was in precisely the same place as before; not a hair of his head was singed; his crescent shone against the sun with undiminished brightness; and the only change was, that his face was turned aside, and he was speaking, with a composed smile, to the rearward ranks to come up and fill the places of their dead or disabled comrades."

"Wonderful!" cried the new soldiers.

"He seems more lucky in the turban than in the straw hat," observed another grenadier.

"I remember once he was charging us, and he had that large straw hat of his upon his head. We gave him such another volley as you describe, when the hat was riddled, but he himself remained unharmed."

"Yes," said an Arab of the Spahis, gravely, "the Prophet has blessed the

creased of Abd-el-Kader, and his green turban betokens his descent from that inspired warrior."

The French soldiery, in fact, entertained themselves, on the eve of the battle of Isly, with such tales and speculations as I have already hinted to the reader, by many samples and reminiscences. Alas! that what is so poetical to remember should have been so bitter to endure; unlike the book which the Angel in the Apocalypse handed to Saint John, and which was sweet in the mouth, but bitter after it had been swallowed down!

The soldiers now swore that they would shoot or capture the Emir in the battle of the morrow;—his hour, said they, is at length come.

Thus passed the night. The morning dawned with all the brilliancy of a Berber summer; and onward upon the Moors moved the little army, through olive and cactus, through myrtle and palmetto, startling the wild boar from his lair, or the lazy porcupine from his oozy bed, and gazing with rapture upon the occasional flamingo, as he "folded his wings of flame."—(To be continued.)

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH

"Nothing can be done without money," said George pettishly; "I had a splendid project in my head, but nobody will listen to such a poor fellow as I."

We were three friends met together, bewailing the rigours of fortune: our lamentations, however, took the turn they usually take among companions whose age does not exceed twenty years.

"And I," said Albert, "have finished a work which would create my reputation, could a publisher only be met with willing to undertake the expenses of printing."

"I have asked our principal," added I, "to increase my salary, after four years of assiduous service; and he answered, that of such clerks he could find as many as he wished for six hundred francs a-year."

"My dear fellows," interrupted George, "although we have, neither the one nor the other, any hope of making a fortune, could we not get the credit of being rich?"

"To what good?" asked I.

"It gives one a position in the world; a large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held; everything becomes easy."

"I remember," was my answer, "having heard in my childhood of a cousin who went to Jamaica or Martinique, and never returned."

"That is just what we want: we will bring this cousin to life, or rather we will kill him. Yes; Jacques Meran did at Martinique, leaving a sugar plantation, fifty slaves, in short, a fortune valued at two million of francs, all to his dear cousin Louis Meran, from attachment to the name."

We laughed heartily at the joke, of which I thought no more; but my two reckless friends, George and Albert, spread abroad the tale when we broke up with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came to compliment me. It will of course be understood that I disavowed all cause; but no one would believe me; my two friends had affirmed the truth of the report. In vain did I assert that it was all a joke; many remembered my cousin Jacques; some had actually seen him embark at Nantes in 1789. Among the number of these visits was one of not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a frock coat in the new fashion, without having the means of payment; the garment was worn out, and I yet owed half of it. There had been for some time a coolness between my creditor and myself, whose importunities I wished to avoid. The rumour of the legacy made him hasten to find me: such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends. "Good day, Monsieur Matthieu," said I with some embarrassment as he entered; "you are come for the fifty francs?"

"Does Monsieur imagine that I am thinking of such a trifle? No; it was for the mourning."

"What mourning?"

"The mourning for your cousin, monsieur—the mourning of an heir-at-law! Without doubt you want a complete suit?"

"At this time, Monsieur Matthieu, it would be impossible."

"I hope monsieur does not think of withdrawing his favours from me? Coat, vest, and pantaloons black; frock of dark bronze for the mourning."

"I tell you again I have not yet received—"

"I intreat monsieur not to speak of money; it will come soon enough," added the tailor, who had already taken out his scissors, and passed his measure round my waist.

I was in truth in great want of clothes, and permitted him to continue. No sooner was he gone than another individual entered, who immediately began. "My dear monsieur, you must do me a great service. Buy my house. You are rich, very rich—you want real estate. Fifty thousand francs are nothing for you: only the half of your income; and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Monsieur Felix to buy it; but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle."

"I buy your house—what folly?"

"It is no folly. It is a safe investment. After some repairs, in two years it will be worth double. I have your word; and he left without giving me time to reply. So well did he propagate a report of my purchase, that in two hours afterwards Monsieur Felix came to me in a great hurry, apparently out of humour. "You have cut the grass from under my feet, monsieur," said he on entering: "I cannot do without that house, and thought it was already mine, as I had made an offer of forty-nine thousand francs, believing that the owner would surely come to my terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement; so, without further preamble, I come to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand francs upon your bargain."

Fifteen thousand francs coming, I knew not how, to me, who had so much trouble in earning my eight hundred francs of salary as clerk to the registry of the courts of law. Although but little acquainted with business, I saw the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied, "It is impossible, monsieur, for me to give you an answer at this moment: return at five o'clock; meantime I will consider the matter."

At a quarter before the appointed hour Monsieur Felix was again at my door. "Monsieur," said I, "I had no wish for that house, and did not even think about it, when the proprietor came to beg me to purchase it; and it appears the house is now mine. As it suits you, and any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer."

"You shall be paid in a fortnight, in paper on Paris," exclaimed the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on Paris! I was so little accustomed to that currency, as to imagine that it would be necessary to send it to the capital for payment, and therefore wrote to a commercial house, the only one whose address I knew, as from that

I received regularly an annuity of five hundred francs left me by one of my uncles, and which formed a welcome portion of my income.

With what impatience I waited the expiration of the time, when I wrote to Messieurs Hugues and Bergeret that, having certain funds to invest, I begged their advice as to the safest mode. It appeared that the words *certain funds* have very different acceptations in commerce, according to the name and position of him who uses them. The news of my inheritance must have reached Paris. *Certain funds*, situated as I was, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable sum; at least I supposed so, on receiving in answer from the firm that my letter had been received just before the close of the Cortes loan, in which they had purchased to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; that, if I thought it too much, a large profit might be immediately realised, as the stock had gone up. A postscript, in the hand of the principal, congratulated me on my accession of fortune.

Twenty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands; the amount frightened me. I wrote instantly to my correspondents, informing them that so large a sum went beyond my means; adding, that no remittances having been received from Martinique, as they supposed, I was unable to satisfy their claims.

The answer came in a day or two, stating that, as I did not appear to have confidence in the Cortes loan, they had sold out my stock at a profit of eighty thousand francs; and begged me not to feel uneasy, as remittances were always slow in coming from the distant plantations; in the interim, my signature would furnish me with all the money I could want. The prospectus of a German bank was inclosed, in which fifty shares had been secured for me.

Eighty thousand francs! Either I understood nothing of commercial matters, or the clerk had written one or two *noughts* too many. My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially when I put on my new suit of black. The editor of the newspaper thought himself obliged to give a biography of my cousin Jacques, and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions. In what way would I furnish my house?—what would I do for public establishments? Some benevolent ladies wrote to recommend to my notice the institutions under their guardianship. I was ruined in postage; for, in the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money. Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich, no one would take a sou from me, and tradesmen courted the honour of giving me credit.

At last I decided on going to Paris. Immediately on arrival, I went to my bankers, who received me as the inheritor of great wealth. "I regret," said M. Bergeret, "that you mistrusted the Spanish loan, for the stock has again gone up. No matter, however; you have some left."

"Will you have the goodness, monsieur," said I, "to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?"

"The calculation is easy. Twenty thousand dollars, at so much the dollar—and the sum already paid. If you sell to-day, you will put about two hundred and twenty thousand francs into your pocket."

I opened both my ears. "You say, monsieur, two hundred and twenty thousand? Are you quite certain?"

"As certain as any one can be within a few hundred francs."

I did not wish to appear too much the novice, and replied, "That is well: you spoke also of a bank?"

"Yes; the establishment of this bank has met with some difficulties; but the affair is not less good: we are on the eve of terminating it, and the scrip is well up."

"Could that scrip also be sold?" I inquired.

"You hold fifty shares," replied the banker, "which have advanced four hundred and fifty florins, making altogether nearly sixty thousand francs."

"Although as yet I have paid nothing?"

"Without a doubt," was the answer.

"That is singular: but since you say so, I submit. I should like to make a safe investment of the whole: will you be so kind as to specify one?"

"Our five per cents, monsieur—our five per cents: I know of nothing safer. At the present rate, the gain will be six. I can easily understand that all these little matters worry you. You will soon have to deal with much larger sums."

"By placing all that I hold in the five per cents, I should have an income of—"

"That is soon reckoned. Three hundred thousand or thereabouts: the quotation at eighty makes eighteen thousand francs. Say twenty thousand, to make a round sum."

"Ah, twenty thousand francs of income," said I; "when could I receive it?"

"Oh, to-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house."

"That of course," was my rejoinder. "What other could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?"

The banker bowed.

Will it be believed? In the midst of all these treasures, I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small sum, of which I stood in the greatest need; for, after paying the expenses of my journey, I had but five francs left. Such, however, was the force of habit, that I could scarcely believe myself legitimately possessed of more than my little annuity, which was not yet due.

"Dare I ask," I inquired, with a blush almost of shame on my cheeks—"can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me for the moment a small sum, which I want on arrival in a strange city?"

"Eh, my dear monsieur, my chest is entirely at your disposal. How much do you want—three, four—ten thousand francs?"

"I do not ask so much; a thousand will be sufficient."

"Will you have it in gold or notes? Call the cashier. May I beg you," said the banker, leading the way as I rose to depart—"may I beg you to continue your good-will to our house?"

"Certainly," monsieur; you well deserve it," I replied with a confidence which the certainty of possessing an income of twenty thousand francs began to give me.

"There is yet one favour which I wish to ask," said M. Bergeret; "you are not acquainted with Paris; you have perhaps but very few relatives here: come and take a family dinner with us to-day; my wife will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"We dine at six: if you have no engagement for the evening, we shall have a few friends, and hope you will stay."

There are few moments which I remember with more satisfaction than those of my leaving M. Bergeret's house. I began to believe in the reality of my fortune, and had a thousand francs in my pocket—a pleasure which had never before happened to me. The fifty golden Napoleons gave me an extraordinary impulse; in fact I stood in great need of them. Possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, I was obliged, on my arrival in Paris, to leave my trunk

at the office of the diligence, not having the means of paying for a lodging I now hastened to redeem it, and afterwards took a coach to the first hotel pointed out to me, where I established myself in a handsome apartment, and put on my suit of mourning. I arrived with so much punctuality at M. Bergeret's, that he had scarcely had time to finish telling my history to his wife. She, however, had heard enough to cause me to be received as a friend of the house. Every one did the amiable to me: I met beautiful women; and overheard whispered remarks made upon me—*modest bearing; great skill; splendid business talents*. Thus, when M. Bergeret intreated me to regard his house as my own, I promised willingly, although I could profit but little by the invitation. Madame Hughes would have me to dine, when I met with other introductions and invitations. I was taken to the theatre and to parties. Now that I was rich, I could almost have confined my expenses to some few presents and fees.

Meantime my two friends, George and Albert, had heard with alarm of the success of their report, the truth of which they dared no longer deny. They had been frightened by my departure for Paris, which all the world attributed to difficulties in the liquidation of my debts; and feared that I had suffered myself to be deceived by what was concerted between us merely as a joke.

Three days after my return from Paris, my servant announced their names. 'Let them come in,' was my reply; for I did not receive all the world. On seeing my handsome timepiece and gilt candelabra, and the new furniture with which I had decorated my apartment, they opened their eyes in consternation.

'There is much difficulty in gaining admission here,' said Albert. 'Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects; but you, my dear friends—you will be always welcome. You are come just in time to accompany me to an estate which I have some thoughts of purchasing. It is not a large affair—one hundred thousand francs.'

'I take it to be some distance off,' said George, with a significant jerk of his head.

'Two leagues only; but I will take you in my carriage.'

'Your carriage?'

'My carriage.'

'You have a carriage?'

'Yes, and two dapple-gray horses, which I brought from Paris: as yet I have no saddle-horse, that being more difficult to find.'

My two friends retired to one of the windows, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

'Dear Louis,' they said, 'you know that your cousin is not dead?'

'I don't know if he be dead, for I am not very certain that he ever lived.'

'You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?'

'I am persuaded that only you and I believe so,' was my answer.

'We have done great wrong,' rejoined my friends, '—a great wrong in what was intended only as fun. It causes us much sorrow.'

'On the contrary, I thank you for it.'

'It is our duty to disavow it; we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty.'

'I intreat you to leave things just as they are: a few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds.'

George and Albert regarded me as completely deranged. 'Come,' said I, 'let us lose no time; the carriage is ready; I will tell you all as we go along. I have spoken to a bookseller, Albert, who will print your manuscript.'

Truth, however, always comes out. Some who were on the watch, were surprised that nothing arrived from Martinique; well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The edifice so quickly raised tumbled down with equal rapidity.

'The best of it is,' said some, 'he has ended by falling into the snare which he laid for others. For my part, I never believed in it.'

I comprehended that the storm had broken out, on finding one day a dozen notes on my table. They were all nearly in the style of the first I opened.

M. Grignon presents his respectful compliments to M. Meran, and having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has the honour to enclose.

My answers were all alike—'M. Meran thanks M. Grignon for the bill which has been so long asked for and sends the amount.'

One letter only contained no request for money; it was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote to lend me 500 francs, should I wish to remove from a place where so many rumours were circulated prejudicial to my character. My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded, 'I am rich, not by an inheritance in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich; and I have in reality been made very rich, I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who talk of me.'

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me of a friend upon whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was the subject of conversation. 'He has been fortunate, if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could manœuvre in this way.'

For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius; but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Moralising on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be so unaccountable.

A VISIT TO A HAREM.

BY A LADY.

After experiencing for two days the miseries attending rough weather in the Black Sea, it was with feelings of inexpressible satisfaction that we found our little vessel floating along the smooth water at the mouth of the Danube. We had the tedium of a quarantine before us; but it did not extend to the Turkish side of the river; and we accordingly went ashore at a beautiful little village, where the captain stopped for an hour to take in provisions. We had, however, miscalculated the hospitality or rather toleration of these rural followers of Mahomet; for the moment we entered the place, we were followed by a growing crowd, full of fury at the sight of a set of gaiters, and in the end we had to save ourselves by flight from a shower of stones with which they assailed us. Next morning, awaking at five o'clock, we found our bark anchored in the harbour of Widden, the principal town of Bulgaria, and the seat of government of the Pasha Eiredeen. A message from the captain requested that I would come upon deck to act as interpreter.

I was not long in obeying the summons, and found the passengers and officers of the steamer surrounding a man whom I at once distinguished to be a Greek, though he wore the Turkish costume, and who was vainly endeavouring to make himself understood, with a few words of wretched Italian, by a party who except ourselves, consisted solely of French and Hungarians. He was greatly relieved when I addressed him in Rumanian, and he at once explained the purport of his visit. His Highness Eiredeen Pasha, whose doctor he was, had sent him to request that we would go and visit him, as he had very seldom an opportunity of seeing Franks, and particularly ladies. He had desired the doctor to use his utmost eloquence in securing our consent, and had sent several soldiers of his own guard to conduct us in safety to the palace. Our captain, who seemed greatly to dread offending the pasha, declared that we could not refuse, and that the visit would be highly interesting; assuring me at the same time, that the presence of the formidable looking guard would amply secure us from any annoyance. It was therefore decided that we were to go; but when I prepared to follow the doctor on shore, I found that our adventures of the preceding evening had so far cooled the ardour of most of the travellers, that no one seemed disposed to accompany me except two Frenchmen, our own intimate friends and travelling companions.

It was a large and really picturesque town, the streets broad and handsome, lined with the open stalls where the Turks habitually transact business, and many of them covered in, so as to render it agreeable to walk through them even in the heat of the day. As we passed along, preceded and surrounded by the soldiers, we were struck with the terror which they seemed to inspire among the people, who, so far from showing any disposition to injure us, scarcely even dared to raise their eyes. The doctor, who had been absent many years from Greece, was delighted to have an opportunity of talking his own language and gave me much information as we proceeded: he told me that the pasha was exceedingly rich and powerful, and had many thousand subjects. The late Sultan Mahmoud had given him his own adopted daughter in marriage, and my new acquaintance promised to endeavour to obtain permission for me to visit the harem; but this, he said, was a favour rarely granted to any one, and would depend entirely on the pasha being favourably disposed towards us. He then asked me why the other passengers had not accepted the invitation; and when I mentioned the cause of their fears, he instantly begged I would describe the principal actors in the assault, and give the name of the village, 'for,' he said, 'the pasha will have them all punished instantly; he is anxious to encourage strangers to come here.' Now, I knew that in Turkey punishment invariably means decapitation, and I could not help thinking that such summary vengeance, taken on a whole population, would by no means tend to produce an encouraging effect on the minds of the travellers he wished to conciliate. My companions were of the same opinion. We therefore extorted a promise from the doctor that he would say nothing on the subject, and very soon found ourselves at the gate of the palace. It was a dwelling by no means unworthy of a prince, and covering a large space of ground. We passed through a handsome gateway guarded by sentinels, and entered an immense court almost entirely filled with soldiers. The building itself was low, and very irregular, consisting principally of a succession of long galleries and terraces; but there was also an endless number of rooms, each destined to a separate purpose, which the doctor named to us as we passed through them—the waiting room, the audience chamber, the room where the courts of justice were held, and so on; and in all of these, motley groups were to be seen, of just such persons as in more civilised parts of the world invariably crowd round the dwellings of the great. The pasha's own dependents seemed very numerous, and several of them now officiously led the way to the room where we were to wait his highness. The furniture consisted solely of a long low divan, amply supplied with cushions, and several baskets filled with the rarest flowers. The doctor, and several others who followed us in, took off their slippers on entering the apartment, and then ranged themselves round it, their hands crossed on their bosom. During the interval of delay which followed, we remained in great admiration of the view from the windows, which was most striking; the strange oriental town, composed of the most fantastic buildings, and half hid by fine old trees, lay smiling in the sunshine, on the banks of the noble river. Suddenly a great movement was manifest in the outer room, and the doctor, with somewhat of trepidation, announced the pasha. Two or three soldiers entered, and took their station at the door, and his highness almost instantly appeared, leaning on two Turks. He was a tall, good looking man, with piercing dark eyes, and a grave stern expression of countenance: he wore the tight-fitting braided surtut, and the red cap or fez, drawn down over his strongly-marked eyebrows, and his peaked black beard fell almost to his waist, where a magnificent sword was secured by a leather belt. He possessed a dignity of manner which was really quite imposing; coming forward without speaking, he took my hand, and requested me to sit on the divan beside him, and then turning to the doctor, directed him to introduce my two companions, and ordered stools to be brought, that they might sit opposite to him. We were amused to see that the poor doctor, formerly gay and talkative, had suddenly subsided into the most humble and submissive of beings. He acted as interpreter—for his highness spoke nothing but Turkish—and some minutes were spent in going through the usual compliments with all due formality. Pipes were then brought in by two negro slaves; and one, splendidly inlaid with jewels, was offered to me. I was tolerably well acquainted with the ceremonious usages which are 'de rigueur' in an Eastern visit; and I therefore to the utter astonishment of my French friends, composedly took it, and saluted the pasha with all the solemnity I could muster. It is only strict politeness to repeat this salutation, which is performed by placing the hand on the heart, the lips, and the forehead, every time that anything is offered; and the pasha and I were therefore to be seen constantly bowing with great gravity, while coffee and sweetmeats were being handed round. The intense solemnity of our proceedings, however, met with a most ludicrous interruption.

One of our passengers on board of the steamer was an American, and so thoroughly an American in manners and in ideas that we had very little intercourse with him, even within the narrow bounds of our common sitting room. We even did not know his name, though one of our party had maliciously named him 'Kentucky,' from the constant repetition of this word in his conversation. The said Kentucky we had left asleep on the table in the saloon, and great therefore was our amazement when, unasked and unannounced, he made his appearance at the door, pushing his way through the guard, and marching up to the pasha, his hat on his head and his cane in his hand just as he would have walked along the streets of Boston. The intruder stared at his highness for a few minutes with imperturbable coolness, and then turning to me (for he could speak nothing but English,) he ejaculated, 'I calculate he never saw an American afore.' The horror of my two companions (whose French politeness was most thoroughly shocked,) the consternation of the doctor, and the indignation of the pasha at this want of respect, were most amusing; the latter fixed

his flashing eyes on the unfortunate Kentucky with a look which evidently made him uneasy, and I hastened to excuse his sudden appearance the best way I could.

The doctor now told me that the pasha had consented to my visiting the harem, and he proposed conducting me thither at once, if I felt so disposed. I was delighted with the prospect of inspecting an establishment which must be so very characteristic, so perfectly Eastern: for the doctor told me that no other stranger had ever been admitted to the apartments of the sultana, who was of course a very great personage in their estimation, whereas, at Constantinople, so many travellers habitually visit the harems, that they are half-Europeanised. My two companions did not, however, look much pleased at the idea of being left in solemn conference with the pasha, which in the absence of the doctor and myself, must be reduced to the mute language of the eyes; nor did they seem to derive much consolation from my assurance that the further proceedings of Kentucky would probably afford them some excitement. But it was impossible that they should accompany us, and we therefore left them seated beside the American, with whom they could hold no communication, and directly opposite to the pasha, who stared fixedly at them with the most imperturbable dignity.

I followed my companion through several long corridors, putting to flight various negroes and other slaves, who seemed to think it was as much as their head was worth to look at me. The doctor told me, that on account of her high rank, the sultana reigned singly in the harem as the pasha's only wife, but that there were a number of odalisques, one of whom could speak Greek, and would interpret for me. We crossed an open court, with a fountain playing in the centre of it, and entered what seemed to be a separate building. Here the doctor stopped, not even passing the threshold, and told me he could go no farther, and that two negroes, who now presented themselves were to be my guides. I did not half like being left alone in this strange looking place, and would have remonstrated against his leaving me; but he looked perfectly terrified when I proposed it, and disappeared the moment the door was opened. The two slaves walked before me in silence, their eyes bent on the ground, through several passages, till we reached the foot of a stair, where they in their turn consigned me to the care of two women, who were waiting for me. One of these was the interpreter, a remarkably pretty woman, though immensely fat; and the other was, without exception, the most hideous old woman I ever beheld, whom I rightly guessed to be the duenna of the harem. They received me with the highest delight, and as though I were conferring a great honour upon them, fervently kissing my hands and the hem of my dress, in return for which I could only wish that they might live a thousand years and never see a 'bad hour.' Seizing me by the hands, they dragged me in triumph up the stairs, and through several rooms, to the audience chamber of her highness the sultana. Like that of the pasha, it was furnished with a long divan, over which were spread two of the most splendid cashmere shawls I ever saw; several cushions were ranged on the floor, and the windows were all hermetically closed by the fatal screens of which we had heard so much. They are a sort of wooden lattice; but the open spaces are so very small, that one can scarcely discern anything without.

The woman made me sit down, and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me, in a deprecating tone not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my own house. How far I was at my ease, installed 'à la Turque' on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture. The interpreter now left me alone with the old woman, who crouched down on a cushion at my feet, and with the help of a few words of Turkish with which I was acquainted, she managed to give me quite as much information as I wished for on the domestic life of Eiredeen Pasha's large family. We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath, of a different colour falling below the knee, and finally, a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red, or a mixture of gay colours, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief, and various other ornaments were twisted in their hair with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilized countries. Of all the number, only three struck me as having any great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair, and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian—very dark, with beautiful features and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect as the mother of a fine little boy whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter hurrying in, announced the sultana; the slaves fell back and ranged themselves in order, I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half a dozen women. She was a tall dignified-looking person, of some five and thirty, and far from handsome: nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these a narrow robe of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers also worked in gold at least six inches wide; this garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf of great value, and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse of brown satin lined with the most beautiful zibeline fur; her head dress was a silk handkerchief embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds. She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honour she had done me in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile; and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her: I obeyed, and had then to recommence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy, for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made. I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe.

At the pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts) were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl whose duty it was to present me the richly-embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of with, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all. One arduous duty I felt it was quite necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but a few minutes after, she returned in a new costume equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment by minutely inspecting my own dress, and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me. My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalised to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive either why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions, many of which I really found a hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible as this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth: her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked farther than from one room to another, and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought, nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

Her highness now sent for her children to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces; and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live for ever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering bonbons to the pasha himself as to this imposing little personage. My attention to the children quite won the heart of the sultana, and she desired the interpreter to tell me that we were henceforward to be 'sisters'; and I was obliged to receive this addition to my family connections with becoming delight; she also wished me to be informed that she had once seen a Christian at Constantinople, and that she was not at all like me. I thought this very likely, but I was growing very anxious to terminate my visit, which had lasted, with its interminable ceremonies, nearly two hours. The sultana was very unwilling to let me go, but when I insisted, for I thought the patience of my companions must be quite exhausted, she once more rose and left the room; in a few minutes the interpreter returned, and, kneeling down, kissed my hand, and then passed a most beautiful diamond ring on my finger, which, she said, the sultana begged me to keep, though it was quite unworthy of her 'sister.' I was much shocked at the idea of taking it, for it was a ring of very great value; and though I ought to have known that in Turkey it is an insult to refuse a present, I could not help remonstrating. The sultana came in herself to bid me farewell, and I endeavoured to return it to her, but she frowned in a way which really frightened me, and commanded the slave to tell me that, doubtless, it was not good enough for me, and that, since I wished for something better, a more valuable present should be found. This settled the question, of course, and I put on the ring, and went to take leave: she had seated herself and received my parting compliments in great state; her last speech was to beg that I would tell the people of England always to recollect; that if they came to Widdien it would suffice that they were my countrymen to insure their having a friend in Eiredeen Pasha. I then touched her hand, and passed out of the room without turning my back to her, whilst the slaves kissed my hands again and again. To me one of the most painful feelings which assailed me during my visit, was in witnessing the fawning servility with which these poor creatures treated their mistress—it is an atrocious system altogether. The same negroes waited to conduct me to the spot where I had left the doctor, and where I found him waiting for me, holding in his hand a string of amber beads, which he insisted on my accepting, and I no longer dared to refuse any present. Just as I thought, my two friends had been for some time very uneasy at my long absence, and heartily tired of staring silently at the unmoved pasha; the American had started up about five minutes after I left the room, and coolly walked off without even bowing to the pasha, who sent after him a look which led my friends for a moment to expect to see the head alone roll back through the door where the entire man had disappeared.

We immediately took our leave, as it was nearly time for the steamer to sail, and on arriving on board I had only time to send back a few brooches and jewels by our friend the doctor, in order that the remembrance of her adopted English sister may live a little longer in the recollection of the sultana of Widdien. For my part, I shall not soon forget the singular insight I thus gained into the private life of so many responsible and reasonable beings, who live from year to year as degraded prisoners, and neither ask nor wish for freedom, honour, or justice.

THE LAST HOURS OF A REIGN.

CHAPTER III.

At this period of French history, and even up to a period much later, the bridges which crossed the Seine, and connected the two separate parts of the city of Paris, were built over with houses, and formed narrow streets across the stream. These houses, constructed almost entirely of wood, the beams of

which were disposed in various directions, so as to form a sort of pattern, and ornamented with carved window sills and main-beams, were jammed together like figs in a cask, and presented one gable to the confined gangway, the other to the water, which, in many cases, their upper story overhung with a seemingly hazardous spring outward. Towards the river, also, many were adorned with wooden balconies, sheltered by the far-advancing angles of the roofs; whilst beneath, upon the water, the piles of the bridges were encumbered by many water-mills, to the incessant noise of which, habit probably reconciled the inhabitants of the houses above.

In an upper room in one of the houses which, after this fashion, lined the *Pont au Change*, sat, on the evening of the day on which Philip de la Moie had escaped from the Louvre, three persons, the listlessness of whose attitude showed that they were all more or less pre-occupied by painful reflections.

The principal personage of this group—a woman between fifty and sixty years of age—lay back on a large wooden chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy. Her dress was of simple dark stuff, very full upon the sleeves and below the waist, and relieved by a small white standing collar; a dark coif, of the fashion of the period, covered the grizzled hair, which was drawn back from the forehead and temples, leaving fully exposed a face, the rude features and heavy eyebrows of which gave it a stern character. But in spite of this severity of aspect, there naturally lurked an expression of goodness about the mouth and eyes, which spoke of a kindness of disposition and tenderness of heart, combined with firmness and almost obstinacy of character. Those eyes however, were now vacant and haggard in expression; and that mouth was contracted as if by some painful thought.

By her side, upon a low stool, was seated a fair girl, whose attire was as plain as that of the more aged woman; but that lovely form needed no aids of the toilet to enhance its beauty. The fair brown hair brushed off from the white brow, in the graceless mode of the day, hid nothing of a face which had all the purity of some beautiful Madonna; although the cheek was pale, and the lines of the physiognomy were already more sharpened than is usual at years so young. Her head, however, was now bent down over a large book which lay upon her knees, and from which she appeared to have been reading aloud to the elder woman; and, as she sat, a tear dropped into its pages, which she hastily brushed away with her fair hand.

The third person, who completed the group, was a young man scarcely beyond the years of boyhood. His good-looking round face was bronzed and ruddy with fresh colour, and his dark eyes and full mouth were expressive of natural gaiety and vivacity. But he, too, sat leaning his elbows upon his knees, and gazing intently, and with a look of anxiety, upon the fair girl before him: until, as he saw the tear fall from her eye, he turned impatiently upon his stool, and proceeded to polish, with an animation which was not that of industry, the barrel of a gun which lay between his knees.

The room which formed the ground work to the picture composed of these three personages, was dark and gloomy, as was generally the interior of the houses of the time, a large wardrobe of black carved wood filled a great space of one of the walls; presses and chests of the same dark and heavy workmanship occupied considerable portions of the rest of the room. The low casement window, left open to admit the air of a bright May evening, looked out upon the course of the rapid Seine, and gave a cheering relief to the dark scene. The hazy rays from the setting sun streamed into the room; and from below rose up the sound of the rushing waters, and the wheels of the mills, mixed with occasional cries of men upon the river, and the more distant murmur of the city. The scene was one of calmness; and yet the calmness of those within that room was not the calmness of repose and peace.

It was the youth who first spoke.

"Jocelyne," he said in a low tone, approaching his stool nearer to that of the fair girl, and then continuing to polish his gun-barrel without looking her in the face—"if you knew how it grieves me to see you thus! You sit and roop like a bird upon the wintry branch, when I would fain see you lift your head and chirp, as in days gone by, now that summer begins to gladden around us."

The maiden thus addressed looked at him with a languid smile, and then faintly shook her head.

"How would you have me gay, Alayn," she said softly, "when our grandmother continues thus?"

Alayn made a gesture of doubt, as if he would have said, that solicitude for her grandmother was not the only cause of Jocelyne's sadness; but he made no observation to that effect, and, nodding his head towards the older woman, asked in a low tone—

"How is Dame Perrotte to-day? She did not answer my greeting on my entrance; and during your reading from that forbidden book of Scripture, she has uttered not a word."

"You may speak aloud," replied Jocelyne. "When she is in this state, she does not hear us. She is fully absorbed in her sad thoughts. I have seldom seen her more troubled than she has been for some few days past. One would suppose that the return of sunny summer days recalls more fearfully to her mind that epoch of carnage and destruction at the fete of St. Bartholomew, when the heavens above were so joyous and bright, whilst below the earth was reeking with blood, and your poor father perished, Alayn, for his religion's sake. I have ever remarked, when the sun shines the cheeriest, her spirit is the darkest."

"Will she not speak to me?" inquired Alayn.

"No," replied his cousin. "When in these deepest moods of melancholy, she will not speak but upon the subject of those fatal days, or if her attention be aroused by the mention of her slaughtered kindred; and Heaven forbid that an unguarded word from me should excite so terrible a crisis as would ensue!"

"And she remains always thus now?" asked the youth.

"Not always," answered Jocelyne. "There are times when she is as of old, and speaks to me with calmness. But at these better hours she makes no mention of the past."

"She never talks, then, of returning to the palace?" continued Alayn, with an evident air of satisfaction upon his round ruddy face.

"Never," replied the girl, with an involuntary sigh.

"And yet her foster-son, the king, has often sent for her?"

"Hush!" interrupted Jocelyne. "Let not that name strike upon her ear. Although she hears us not, the very word might, perchance, call up within her recollections I would were banished from her mind for ever. The name of her nursing, whom she once loved as were she his own mother, and he had not worn a crown, is now a sound of horror to her. Often has she cursed him in the bitterness of her heart," she continued in a low tone of mystery, as if fearful lest the very walls should hear her confidence, "as the slayer of the righteous. She never can forgive him the treacherous order given for that murderous deed of slaughter and destruction."

"But he protected her from all harm in that general massacre of our party in religion, from which so few of us escaped," said Alayn.

"She would rather have died, I verily believe," pursued the fair girl shuddering, "than have lived to see her own son fall, so cruelly murdered by the son of her fostering care."

"And she never will return to him again?" inquired the young man with another gleam of satisfaction.

Jocelyne shook her head.

"So much the better. So much the better," pursued Alayn stoutly. "For then I can see you when I will, fair cousin Jocelyne, and come and sit by you, side, as I do now, to continue my work with the permission of my master the armourer, who, whatever he may say, is as good a Calvinist at heart as ourselves, I am sure. And you will return no more with my grandmother among those villainous popinjays about the court, who are ever telling you soft tales of love, and swearing that your eyes are the brightest in creation—as, to be sure, they are; and that never such an angel walked the earth—as, to be sure, there never did; but who mean it not well with you, cousin Jocelyne, and would but have their will to desert you and leave you to sorrow, and who, with all their gilded finery, are not worth one inch of the coarse stuff of a stout-hearted honest artisan who loves you, and would see you happy; although I say it, who should not say it."

Jocelyne drew up her head proudly as if about to speak; but, as her melancholy pale hazel eyes met those of her cousin, sparkling with animation and good humour, she only turned herself away, whilst a bright flush of colour overspread that cheek but a moment before so pale.

"Why, look ye, cousin Jocelyne," continued the youth once more, after a moment's pause; "it will out, in spite of me, all that I have got to say. I cannot see your pale cheek and tearful eye, and hear the sigh that ever and anon breaks so painfully from your bosom, but that, all simple as I be, I can tell it is not only for our poor grandmother you sorrow. Mayhap I have heard what I have heard, and seen besides; but never mind that. Believe me, you sorrow for those who love you not truly as there are others who love you—you pain your heart until you will break it, for those who play you false."

"Alayn, I can hear no more of this! You know not what you say!" cried the fair girl hastily; and, laying down upon the table her book, she arose and walked away from him to lean out of the window.

"Nay, pardon me, cousin Jocelyne," exclaimed the youth in a pained tone, also rising and advancing towards the window. "I do but speak as I should and must speak, being your well-wisher—I mean you well, God knows. And the time will come when you too will know how well!"

Jocelyne turned her eyes, which were moist with tears, to her cousin; and, stretching out her hand to him, she said, with all that romantic fervour of the ingenious girl which almost wears the semblance of inspiration—

"Alayn, I know you love me, and that you mean it well with me. You are a kind and sincere brother to me. But oh! you cannot read the deep feelings of the heart, or judge how little words have the power, like the charms we read of, to heal its wounds, and wrench asunder the chains that bind it for ever and ever! The ivy, when torn from the stem to which it clings, may wither and die, but it cannot be attached to another trunk, however skilful the hand of the gardener who would attach it."

The youth took her hand, and, as she again turned to the window to hide her increasing emotion, shook his head sadly and doubtfully; then, returning to his stool, he took the gun-barrel between his knees with a movement of impatience, and continued his occupation of polishing it, although his eyes were constantly fixed askance upon the graceful form of the girl as she leant upon the window sill.

Presently the old woman moved uneasily in her chair, and, placing her hands firmly upon its arms, as if about to rise from her seat, she exclaimed aloud—

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will avenge the blood of the righteous!"

Both Jocelyne and Alayn turned; but, before the fair girl could hurry to her grandmother's side, she had sunk down again into her chair, murmuring—

"No, no! enough of both! enough of vengeance! God pardon him, and turn the hearts of those who counselled him to this deed."

"Give me my Bible, Jocelyne my girl," said again the old woman, after a pause. "It seems I have not read it for many a long hour. God forgive me! But my poor head wanders strangely. Ah! is it you, Alayn? Good-day to you," she continued, as if she had then first become aware of the presence of her grandson.

Jocelyne hastily gave her grandmother the volume which she had laid down upon the table; and, whispering in her cousin's ear, as she passed, "She has spoken, she will be better now," sat down once more by her side.

A silence again pervaded that still room, when suddenly a noise of steps resounded upon a wooden stair. They approached the door, upon which a hurried knocking was now heard. Before Jocelyne, who, at the sound of these steps, had clasped her hands before her, with an expression of surprise and almost of alarm, had fully risen from her seat, the door was flung open, and a man enveloped in a cloak, and with a jewelled hat sunk low upon his brow, entered hastily.

He closed the door, and then gazed with a rapid glance around him.

Jocelyne had sprung up with a suppressed cry.

"Ah! I am not mistaken," said the man advancing, and removing his hat.

"Jocelyne! Dame Perrotte! I am a fugitive, and I seek a shelter at your hands. I could not trust myself to those who call themselves my friends; others who might have protected me, I know not where to find, but I bethought myself of you—of you, Jocelyne—and"—

"Philip! Monseigneur," stammered the astonished girl. "You—here—and a fugitive?"

"Do you not know me?" said the fugitive to Dame Perrotte, who had risen from her chair, and stood staring at him as if with a return of troubled intellect.

"Not know you?" exclaimed the old woman rising. "I know you well, Philip de la Mole! And is it you, the Catholic, who seek a shelter beneath the roof of the proscribed and outlawed Huguenot?"

"But it is in the cause of your religion that I have conspired, my good woman, and that I am now compelled to fly," replied La Mole; "it was for you, who, as chief of your party, would have espoused your quarrel, and re-established your influence in the land."

"Ay, for your master, the shallow Duke of Alencon," responded Perrotte coldly. "False, hollow ambition all! And ye call that the cause of religion—Mockery! Yes, I know you well, Philip de la Mole, who in the hour of

bloodshed," she continued, growing more and more excited, "could approve the hellish deed, and who now can babble of sacrifice and self-offering in the cause of our religion?"

"You belie me, woman," said La Mole proudly.

"Yes, I know you, Philip de la Mole," pursued the old woman with knitted brows and flashing eyes; "you, who, to amuse your hours of idleness, could talk of love to a poor trusting girl, heedless how you destroyed her peace of mind, had you but your pastime and your jest of it?"

"Grandmother!" cried Jocelyne, in the bitterest distress.

"It was he, then!" exclaimed Alayn, advancing upon the fugitive nobleman, with the gun barrel raised in his arm.

"If you love me, forbear!" screamed his cousin, flinging herself before him.

"I had hoped to have found shelter among honest hearts, whom misfortune should have taught pity," said the fugitive proudly, and unmoved; "and I have erred—unjust hate, prejudice, inhospitality, are the only virtues practised beneath this roof. I will again brave the danger, and seek elsewhere that kindly feeling I find not here. Jocelyne, my sweet pretty Jocelyne, farewell!"

With these words La Mole moved towards the door. The old woman regarded him motionless, and with the same cloud of irritation on her brow. Alayn seemed equally inclined to prosecute his first hostile intention; but Jocelyne sprang after the retreating nobleman and caught him by the arm.

"Grandmother," she said, drawing herself up to her full height and leaning fondly against La Mole—"if any one have erred, it is I, and I alone. It was I chose him forth as the noblest, the brightest, the best among those who glittered about the court, in which we humbly lived. I had given him my heart ere he had deigned to cast a look upon me. If I have loved him—if I love him still—it is because I alone have sought it should be so."

"Jocelyne! be still, sweet girl," said La Mole, affected, and moving to wards the door.

"And were he our bitterest enemy," continued the excited girl, still clinging to his arm, "he is now a proscribed fugitive—no matter why—God sends him to us—and it is ours to save, not to condemn him."

"But it is said, that the enemy of the righteous shall perish from the earth," said her grandmother sternly; "it is not I condemn or kill him. If it be the will of God that his cause of error cease, let him go forth and die."

"If he die, mother," exclaimed Jocelyne with energy, "I shall die too. I have given him my heart, my life, my soul—punish me as you will—trample me at your feet. But I love him, mother; and, if you drive him forth to be hunted by his enemies to the death, your child will not survive it."

Alayn had turned away in bitterness of heart, and the old Huguenot woman, although giving way more and more to that excitement, which, at times, fully troubled her reasons, only wrung her hands, as if moved by the address of the agitated girl.

"Stay! stay, Monseigneur," continued Jocelyne, as La Mole again pressed her hand and turned to depart. "She relents—she has a kind heart, and she would not, surely, deliver up the guest who begs shelter at her threshold, into the hands of those who seek to capture and to kill him."

"Let me go forth, Jocelyne! farewell!" repeated La Mole.

"Mother!" again commenced the unhappy girl, throwing herself down to clasp the knees of her grandmother, who, overcome by the violence of her feelings, had sunk back again into her chair. "Mother! would your husband, or your son, have driven even their deadliest enemy from their door?"

"Speak not of my son, girl; or you will drive me mad!" cried Perrotte, clasping her hands before her face.

Jocelyne sprang up with a look of despair, and returned to detain once more La Mole.

As they thus stood, and before the old woman had again stirred, or Alayn interfered, a rumour from the street formed by the bridge, caught the ear of the excited girl.

"What is that?" she exclaimed, starting in alarm.

"The agents of the Queen-mother sent in my pursuit, probably," replied La Mole coolly, and disengaging himself from the convulsive embrace of Jocelyne. "How they have tracked me, I know not. So be it then. I had hoped for the sake of others to avoid their hands; but I am prepared to meet my fate."

"No, no," screamed Jocelyne. "It cannot be! Mother—mother, would you see him made a prisoner in your own house—murdered, perhaps, before your very face?"

Alayn moved towards the door; and the girl sprang to intercept him.

"Would you be so base? Would you have me hate you?" cried the poor girl in despair, to her cousin.

Many steps were now heard ascending the lower stair. The old woman, who trembled in every limb, stirred not from her chair; but, removing one hand from her face, she stretched it out towards a corner of the room.

"Ah! I understand you, mother," exclaimed Jocelyne. "That secret closet, where our books of religion are deposited, where our old priest, during the massacre, was hid!"

"Whilst my son perished—a victim—a martyr!" groaned the old woman fearfully agitated.

"Come, come, Monseigneur," pursued the excited girl; and, in spite of the unwillingness of La Mole to profit by a hospitality thus bestowed, she dragged him to one corner of the room, and pushing back the spring of one of those secret recesses then so commonly constructed in all houses, as well of the bourgeois as the nobles, on the account of the troubles and dangers of the times, she compelled him by her entreaties to enter a dark nook—then hastily closing the aperture, she exclaimed "God shield him!" and sank down into the stool by her grandmother's side.

"Alayn," she said, in a low hurried tone, as the heavy steps still mounted the stairs, "you will be silent, will you not? You will not betray him, and see the poor girl whom you profess to love, die at your feet?"

The youth shook his head with a gesture of resignation, although the frown upon his brow showed how painful were the feelings that he suppressed.

"Mother!" whispered Jocelyne once more to the old woman. "Calm your agitation—oh! let not a word, a gesture, betray our secret! Stay! I will read to you!" And she seized the Bible, then a dangerous book to produce thus openly before Catholic agents of the court, and took it on her lap.

Perrotte answered not a word, but continued to rock herself with much agitation from side to side in her chair.

The noise of the arquebuses of soldiery was now, in truth, heard on the landing-place. A heavy blow was given on the panels of the door; and, without

waiting for permission to enter, a man in the military accoutrements of the period, whose head was crowned with a high hat, adorned with a short red feather, advanced into the room with an air which betrayed at once a strange mixture of effrontery and hypocrisy.

"Landry!" exclaimed together both Jocelyne and Alayn.

"Captain Landry, at your service," said the man; "or, if you will, at the service of his majesty the Queen-mother. Good-day, my gentle cousins both. Good-day to you, my good aunt Perrotte. How goes it with her now? Her head was somewhat ailing as I heard, since she had left the court." And he touched his forehead significantly with his finger.

"She is well!" answered Jocelyne hastily, trembling in spite of her efforts to be calm.

"But this is no visit of ceremony, my good friends," continued Captain Landry, with some haughtiness of manner. "I come upon state affairs. A criminal of rank, who has conspired against the life and person of the king, has escaped; and we are sent in his pursuit. We have contrived to track him of a surety to this neighbourhood; and, as I bethought me that this same delinquent was a friend of my fair cousin Jocelyne, who, although she has received my offers of affection with disdain, could look upon another with more favour, I doubted not that I should find news of him in her company. Know you of none such here, sweet cousin?"

"I know not of whom you speak," said Jocelyne, her colour varying from the flush of emotion to the deadly paleness of fear.

"And you, Alayn, boy, since our fair cousin's memory is so short, can doubtless tell me. Has no one entered here within the last half hour?"

"No one!" answered Alayn sturdily; but he then turned and moved to the window to hide his confusion.

The Queen's agent shrugged his shoulders.

"My good aunt has had no visitors?" he resumed, advancing towards the old woman.

Perrotte lifted her head, and regarded the captain fixedly, and with a look of scorn, but said not a word.

"Search!" said the officer, turning to the soldiers, who had waited without.

The men entered; and in a few instants the scanty and small rooms attached to the principal apartment were examined. The captain was informed that no one could be found. For a moment he looked disappointed, and paused to reflect.

"Their trouble is evident," he murmured to himself. "He may still be here. The reward for his capture is too great to be given up lightly; and, besides, I hate the fellow for the love she bears him—I will leave no stone unturned."

"Dame Perrotte!" he said, returning to the old woman, and speaking to her in a low tone of voice—"A criminal of state has escaped from the king's justice. In spite of the protestations of your grandchildren, I cannot doubt that he is concealed hereabouts; and you must know where. You will not fail, I am sure, to indicate the place of his retreat, when you know that, as the friend of those who have proved the bitterest enemies of your religion, he must also be your deadly enemy."

"And is it Landry, the recreant, the apostate, the only seceder of our family from the just cause, who speaks thus?" said the old woman, lifting her head with a haggard expression.

"The necessary policy of the times," whispered the captain, sitting down on the stool by her side, and approaching himself confidentially nearer, "has compelled me, like many others, to be that in seeming which we are not in heart. Has not our chief, Henry of Navarre, yielded also to the pressure of circumstances in which he lives? Judge me not so harshly, good aunt. But this criminal—he is one of those who have hunted and destroyed, who have cried—Down with them; down with the Huguenots—pursue and kill; and you would withdraw him from the punishment he merits!"

"He! he! Was it so?" muttered Perrotte, with eyes staring at the vacancy before her.

"Do you not fear to pass for the accomplice of his crimes?" continued Captain Landry in her ear. "Know you not that he has attained the life of your nursing by deeds of sorcery, and that Charles IX., our king, now lies upon his death bed?"

"Who speaks of Charles?" exclaimed the old woman with increasing wildness and excitement. "Charles and death! Yes, they go hand in hand!"

"Landry! You shall not torture our poor mother thus," cried Jocelyne, springing towards them, in order to interrupt a conversation which she had been witnessing in agony, although she could not hear it, and the effect of which upon her grandmother's unsettled mind became every moment more visible.

"Fair cousin, with your leave!" replied the captain. "I am bound to do the duties of my office. I shall be grieved to use constraint." And, waving his hand to her to withdraw, he made a sign to the soldiers to approach both Jocelyne and Alayn, and prevent their interference.

Jocelyne wrung her hands.

"Do you not fear the reproaches of your murdered son?" continued Captain Landry, turning to Perrotte, with an expression of perfidious hypocrisy in his eyes, and again pouring his words lowly, but distinctly, into her ear. "Do you not fear that he should rise from his tomb, and, showing the bloody wounds of that fatal night, cry for vengeance on his murderers, and curse the weakness of that mother who would screen and shelter them? Do you not fear that Heaven should condemn you as a friend to the destroyers of the righteous? Think on your slaughtered kindred, woman!"

"Mercy! mercy! my son!" cried the old woman, springing up with her hands outstretched, as if to repel a spectre. "Oh! hide that streaming blood! Look not so angry on me! Blood shall have blood, thou say'st; so be it. Vengeance is the Lord's! and he shall avenge his people!"

"Where is he?" inquired Landry, also rising, and watching her every movement.

"There! there!" exclaimed the excited woman, pointing to the corner of the room.

In spite of the attempt of Jocelyne, who was now restrained by the soldiers, to interrupt him, Captain Landry walked to the corner indicated, and after a few attempts succeeded in discovering the secret of the concealed recess.

"Count Philip de la Mole, you are my prisoner, under warrant of his majesty the King, and by order of the Queen-mother," he said, as the young nobleman appeared to view.

Jocelyne uttered a cry of despair.

"Conduct me where you are bidden, sir," said La Mole, offering his sword.

"My sweet Jocelyne, farewell!—your kindly interest in my fate I shall never forget. But we shall meet again. Fear nothing for me; I will prove my innocence."

The unhappy girl fell at the feet of the captured nobleman, and wetted his outstretched hand with her tears, as she pressed it to her lips.

"My strict orders," said Captain Landry, "were to arrest all those who should be convicted of harbouring the criminal. Forget not, then, cousin Jocelyne, that I spare you so hard a lot. But my duty compels me to adopt other measures. Come, sir!"

When Philip de la Mole had been conducted from the room by the agents of the Queen mother, Jocelyne turned to her grandmother, without rising from the ground, and exclaimed in the bitterest despair—

"Mother—mother—you have killed me!"

"Who spoke of Charles? Who said he lay upon his death bed?" cried Perrotte, walking up and down with the uncertain step of the deranged of mind, and unheeding her unhappy grandchild; "Charles dying! and I shall see him no more—shall he die without a warning word from her who loved and cherished him so long—die without repentance? What was that voice that tortured my very soul? Who said he was about to die, and that I should see him no more?"

Jocelyne sprang up from the ground, as if a sudden thought had crossed her mind.

"Yes, mother, yes," she cried, "the king is dying. Come to him. See him once more. He will hear your words upon his death-bed, and extend his pardon to the innocent—for Philip de la Mole is innocent, my mother. He will save him who is unjustly condemned; and you will save his repentant soul. Come, mother, come—come," she continued, as if speaking to a child, "the king is waiting for you!"

"Charles—my nursing—dying!" murmured the old woman—"Yes—let us go."

"Alayn will accompany us," said Jocelyne, turning to the youth, who stood at the window unhappy and confused.

Without waiting for any addition to their dress, the eager girl seized her grandmother's hand, and led her to the door.

When it was opened, two soldiers appeared upon the threshold, stationed to prevent all egress of the inhabitants; and one of them, placing his arquebuse across the door-stall, cried in a rude voice—

"On ne passe pas."

The two women drew back in alarm.

TIPPERARY HALL.

Perhaps, reader, you fancy, by our title, that we are going to transport you mentally across St. George's Channel into some wild region, where agents are familiarly shot at, monster-meetings periodically convened—where brogue and mountain-dew are equally cheap, where toads are only seen in museums, and where the "Times Commissioner" is the principal itinerant phenomenon. If you fancy anything of the kind, you are very much mistaken.

I am only going to waft you in *nubibus, per omnibus*, a few miles northward of this blessed big metropolis to

"A neat little cot on the side of a hill,"

where Clive and Grimgibber and I, and one or two more, have established an occasional Sanatorium from London brain-fevers, and a sort of Horatian mess-room, where, if there are not exactly the

"Noctes cœnæque Deum,"

we flatter ourselves there is something much better.

Don't talk of Horatius Flaccus,
And the suppers he gave at his farm;
Neither whiskey's delights nor tobacco's
Had he got his old Romans to warm.
And Augustus, how he must have paltered,
Among their few spirited chicks:
Why he owned he left Rome mighty altered,
Having found it a city of bricks.
Then away with your stories of Latium,
And each classical son of a gun.
Tipperary's the gem of the nation,
And we are the boys for the fun.

Sure they showed their illigant manners
When they carved with their fingers their prog,
And they'd neither cheroots nor havannahs,
Nor sugar to sweeten their grog.
Then a bumper in gratitude filling,
For the time of our birth thank the stars;
'Twas delayed till the days of distilling,
And till Raleigh invented cigars.
Then away with your stories of Latium,
And each classical son of a gun,
'Tis ourselves are the right generation;
And this is the season for fun.

We have christened our Middlesex Paradise "Tipperary Hall," to frighten away the harpies that prowl for rent and taxes. Some night, when the year like a capsicum has grown warmer as it grows older, I'll take you round the grounds and expound the beauties. But this bitter weather the best thing is to place you at once in the Eostericon,

Where the voice of mirth
Is loud and light;
And the blazing hearth
Gives welcome bright.
With the gridiron above,
And the praties below:
And the liquors we love
Have begun to flow.

Short introductions are like short pipes, the most convenient; so we'll make you at home at once. Everard Clive you know. Here's Richard Grimgibber of Lincoln's Inn. Here's my moist friend the Fenman, and our Cambridge Travelling Bachelor.

For any sort of Spirits call,
And enter Tipperary Hall.

Grimgibber.—Open the pleadings and the oysters, Clive.

Whiskey-Drinker.—Ay, and stir the fire. Let's haul our kidneys and topics over the coals. I suppose we should apologise to the Fenman for the Walls-ends. Like a real Newmarket man, he is all for the turf—cazones occasionally.

Fenman (irritably).—There's no turf in the Fens. They form the driest and most civilized part of the United Kingdom. They have given—

Everard Clive.—Agues to every one that has put foot on or in them.

Whiskey-Drinker.—It's I myself that respects the turf. I have always had a taste for it either on the Curragh of Kildare or in the Bog of Allen.

Fenman.—Ay, it's for himself that he talks about the turf. He hankers after the flesh-pots of Erin, and the native roastings of the root. He knows he'll have none of them before next October, and so he wishes just to look at the embers, and try to feel at home on the associations.

Everard Clive.—I don't think the British Association would feel much at home on the subject of potatoes,—not, at least, if one may judge from the vagueness of the Report which some of those wise men of the East drew up, whom the Government sent to examine the staple produce of the Green Isle of the West. According to those philosophers, it is the grater now and not the grate, that must do the cookery; and the only way to make a mash of a mурphy is to convert it into starch.

Fenman.—Shirt-collar sort of diet that, I should say—better suited for the outside of the throat than the in.

Everard Clive.—Yes; but it is strange to mark how extremes meet. Poor half-starved Paddy seems about to renew the Epicurism of the old Roman gourmands. "*Radere tubera terræ*" must in future be our friend the Whiskey-Drinker's motto; and then he may still succeed in getting even an Irishman's bellyful of scrapes.

Travelling Bachelor.—The document which you probably read in the newspaper, is not the genuine Report. I saw the real one myself. It had been confidentially communicated to some of the foreign savans, whom I meet in occasional réunions in Town.

Whiskey-Drinker.—Ay, faith! and I myself have seen the original, like that of Macpherson's Ossian, in the native Gaelic.

Travelling Bachelor.—Probably enough. It must therefore have been an English translation that I heard read. Indeed, my distinguished Continental friends have probably by this time rendered it into most of the languages of Europe. It has been thrown into English verse, and perhaps you will prefer it in its metrical form, with full poetical comments.

Fenman.—Yes. And let us know where the author comes from. Is it England or Ireland?

Whiskey-Drinker.—May-be he is intermediate, like the Isle of Man.

Travelling Bachelor.—You are about right; but you shall hear it. You must help me out with the chorus, to the tune of "*The Good old Days of Adam and Eve*."

REPORT OF THE POTATO COMMISSION.

Have you heard the report—the last edition—

Sent out by the great potato commission,

What crossed the water to find some new

Materials for an Irish stew!

For, since 'twas vain to put the pot on,

When every blessed root was rotten,

Sir Robert thought to improve the mess, sirs,

By a brace and a half of roast professors!

(Such a row there's been of late, O!

All about a rotten potato!)

King Dan had said "the horrid cracks on
The skin were the work of the hoof of the Saxon;"
Back'd by Prince John and Smith O'Brien,
His word repealers all rely on;
For when The Liberator takes a fancy,
Through the thickest mill-stone he will and can see.
"The rot," says he, "those fellows came fishin' here
Was fostered by the Times Commissioner!"
(Who says in return that that there great O'
Connell's a rotten-hearted 'tato!)

The report is both a short and sweet one,
And if not profound, is at least a neat one;
It states—"All ways that we could guess
We tried of praties to make a mess,—
We tried them boiled,—we tried them roasted,—
We tried them fried,—we tried them toasted,
All sorts and sizes, till, *heu vanum*,
Nothing came out but smashed *Solanum*;
(And wasn't that a dreadful fate, O!
To come of taking a rotten 'tato!)

"Some say that grub is the cause of the rot;
But we, my lords, affirm it's not;
For, isn't it plain—and there's the rub—
That such potatoes won't do for grub.
We've taken the matter feculaceous,
And tried to make it farinaceous.
'T won't do for dinner, tea, nor tiffin,
For if fed on starch you'll certainly stiffen.
(And that would be a precious state, O!
Resulting from a rotten 'tato!)

"Some cock their glasses up to their eye,
And mushrooms in the cells decry,
But we, my lords, have looked as well,
And think such notions are all a sell.
Decaisne in France, in Germany Kutzing,
Have sought the rot all manner of roots in,
And proved that those have looked with a loose eye
Who said 'twas caused by fungi or fungi.
(Sure never since the days of Plato
Was there such a row 'bout a rotten 'tato!)

"Now these, my lords, are our opinions—
It's a bad look out for the British dominions.
We know as much as we did before,
And we don't think that we shall know more!
As for *Solanum tuberosum*,
It's a very bad job for them as grows 'em;
We think the weather has made them scurvy,
And we've proved the same by consulting Murphy!
(And if our report don't please debaters,
They must get some other common-taters!)"

Everard Clive.—That report sounds to me exceedingly like a lecture; and Dr. Johnson used to say that no lecture was good for anything unless illustrated by experiments. So let us experimentalize forthwith upon the potatoes before us. The animal department of the cookery is ready. Let each man brandish his fork, and transfer what he likes best from the big gridiron to his own plate.

Fenman.—You are the best of caterers, Everard! But one must do justice to Grimgibber. It is he that has been principally broiling in his zeal for the public good.

Grimgibber.—Ay, that comes of living in chambers, and learning to cook for oneself. Some people are ashamed of it: I join issue with them on that point.

Everard Clive.—Ashamed of broiling? That shows a most unclassical want of discrimination. Homer's heroes cooked for themselves and their friends, and you will observe that they always broiled their meat. I approve of their taste, and am not ashamed to follow their example. Roasting, boiling, stewing, and baking may be menial occupations, but he who broils his own chops and steaks may match them against the broils of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Fenman.—Well said, and well done; especially this piece of steak. Forward to the Homeric meal!

Whiskey-Drinker.—Yes, up with the viands, and down with the drink;

Let the chops by red herrings be followed,

As sweet as the breath of the South;

The porter seems mad to be swallowed,

For the pots they all foam at the mouth.

Fenman.—The breath of the South? Are you thinking of violets? Shallots and onions are the only violets here—things angelic over night, but diabolical in the morning. As the poet says—

You may rinse, you may gargle your throat if you will;

But the scent of the onions will hang round it still.

Everard Clive.—Let Aurora look after the breath of the morning—that's her affair.

To-night, at least, to-night be gay,

Whate'er to-morrow brings.

[There is a fair start, and a general masticatory onslaught on the late tenants of the gridiron.—Grimgibber moves that "some more kidneys be called to the bar," and gives the steaks a "new trial." There is considerable elevation of pewter, and a heavy clattering accompaniment. At length the Famulus enters. The culinary chaos disappears; and there is an array of black alcoholic-looking bottles, limes, lemons, Seville oranges, nutmegs, &c. &c.]

Travelling Bachelor.—This profusion of potatorial preparations reminds me of an evening which I once spent with some of my distinguished friends in Italy. When I was in a coffee-house at Naples there came in a pale young Russian—

Whiskey-Drinker.—Naples—don't talk of Naples. Well your Russian might be pale in that land of thin foreignering liquors. You could get no whiskey there.

Everard Clive.—Not unless he went to the "crater" of Mount Veanvius for it. By the by, don't you think it likely that some future Niebuhr will prove that the account of the death of Pliny is a myth, and that it is a mere type of the numbers of Irishmen who have perished through an excess of mountain-dew?

Whiskey-Drinker.—Which Pliny? Is it the ould man you mean?

Travelling Bachelor.—Yes, the Natural Historian. Volcanoes have always been tempting to great minds, such as to those of Empedocles and Pliny. Indeed, I admire Empedocles the most of the two. He was so full of scientific curiosity that he jumped down Mount Etna when it was in full flame.

Whiskey-Drinker.—Why, that's just close to the hot place where the sailors say the Devil takes the ship-purser at last. I wonder how the worthy old Grecian enjoys their society.

Travelling Bachelor.—Of course you've all read the "Vestiges of the Creation." One of my Sicilian correspondents has sent me some curious observations on the volcanic theories in that eminent treatise. There is far more in this subject than you imagine. The earth is vomiting up the ardent spirits from her inside.

Whiskey-Drinker.—What, did the ould woman get intoxicated in her youth? Did it stop her growth?

Travelling Bachelor.—Her growth was stopped. The Earth in her early days was full, dilated, moist, and fiery. You shall hear the history of her degeneration; you shall hear what she and all upon her were developed from. That extraordinary work which I just spoke of has furnished me with hints for a didactic poem, which will survive till the next great geological catastrophe. You must know that a halo of indefinite ardent spirit was once all in all—

Whiskey-Drinker.—That was, I suppose, before the indefinite spirit was properly distilled.

Travelling Bachelor.—The earth has since degenerated into definite form and gross matter.

Fire was the first of things in Time and Place;

And one hot Halo filled the ends of Space;

Till Hypothetic Nebulæ resolved;

And what was fire at first to gas dissolved.

Thermometers stood all at one degree;

Moons were not made for Earths, nor Earths for Me;

And Venus was the same as Mercury.

Tracts that seem'd cold, were burning strong and mighty,

And Via Lactis was as Aqua Vitæ.

Till Heat escaped, and in the course of years

Contracted for the making of the spheres.

Then shrank the Halos of which Worlds consist,

Missing their Heat, and ceasing to be mist.

Hence, as some dotard does a foolish thing,

Saturn grew old, and took to wear a Ring.

On smaller spheres the same attractions told,

As Dante loved at only nine years old.

Atoms for Atoms felt intense desire,

And like Tydides fill'd small souls with fire.

Then Carbon rush'd to amorous Lime's embrace;

And Lime unslacked flew from ends of space.

Tin leap'd to life; then nobler Gold, and then

Came Oxygen, and all that ends in —n.

Combined Affinities combined anew:

And from their mix'd embrace Albumen grew.

'Tis Seas that stamp their image on the Land;

And types of Life are set by Ocean's hand.

There is the matrix whence all beings come,

And all that walks or flies in earlier times has swum.

So sharks move freely till they come to land,

Then change to seals when first they feel the sand;

And what was fin before becomes a hand.

From form to form the swift mutations range,

And changed conditions ever work a change.

Close to the cuttle-fish, a wondrous fry,

Adapted to their ink-bags sea-pens lie;

The fossil-fish keeps well, its ink runs clear

To our own days beyond the millionth year:

And that same ink, with which we now retrace

The faded features of the sepia face,

Muddled the oceans of a by-gone race.

Lamned by the limbs they lost they now supply.

From their own death, their immortality.

And through such spoils live on, in Time's despite;

Like Waller's eagle or Unhappy White.

Electric shocks were part of Nature's plan:

Evolving Life the rapid currents ran.

To form the Monad first, and last majestic Man.

Man was not always all Man's pride could wish;

I was a grampus once, and you a fish.

As fresh developments evolve our shapes,

We swim like sea-calves, and we climb like apes.

The sacrum tapers at its own sweet will;

We once had tails—O'Connell has one still.

Fire was the first of things; it now lies pent

Beneath the mountains whence its flames have vent.

A spirit-fire evolved all earthly states;

Fire was the first of things, and then the Fates,

And then the doctrine of the Carbonates.

Whiskey-Drinker.—It's all very well talking about your "Vestiges of the Creation," but I've swallowed the last vestiges of my creation of grog. Clive, take pity on me; the bottle stands near you.

Everard Clive.—Make a little room, my boy, and I'll soon mix your liquors. As Archimedes said to king Hiero, "Give me standing room, and I'll stir the gin."

Whiskey-Drinker.—Gin—don't talk of gin. Do you think your juniper has power to make me forget my allegiance to barley?—Grimgibber, don't you smoke?

Grimgibber.—No. I've clouds enough in my profession, without blowing any myself. But don't let me interfere with the words of others. Widows' weeds are the only ones which a man is justified in disturbing.

Everard Clive.—That's one of the best opinions, Grimgibber, that ever came out of Lincoln's Inn. Our principle is,

Each to his fancy. Laugh and smoke;

Or take the laugh alone:

The dull man at another's joke,

The vain man at his own.

Fenman.—I take that to be a compliment to the non-laughers.

Everard Clive.—The non-laughers? Heaven protect me from the society of such animals. I hold with Carlyle, that "the man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

Travelling Bachelor.—I find laughing and smoking together to be rather choking work. Will any body try this Virginia? It was sent me from the States.

Whiskey-Drinker.—Faith, and if it's good for much, it's the only thing of the kind that has come from that quarter for a long while. We hear nothing but bluster and botheration about that dirty million or so of acres, which they are trying to put into their pockets. By the piper that played before Moses, I believe, that if justice was done, that same country yonder would be given to my own countrymen. It's evidently Irish originally; the very name shows it, if you will but speak it properly. Is it not O'Regan? And who ever heard of a country, or a man either, whose name began with an O, that wasn't by rights Irish?

Travelling Bachelor.—O'Tahite, I suppose, is an instance.

Whiskey-Drinker.—And who doubts it? And it's the French that are just aware of it. Aren't they making the people call it Tahiti, and sink the O, to disguise its Irish origin? It's like robbing us unfortunate Celts of our title-deeds.

Everard Clive.—The Oregon question has certainly one Irish mark about it, that of looking very ripe for a row.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

"Contry to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wunning?) Mary Hana didn't seem to be much efected by the hider of my marridge with Hangelinar. I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumailed herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vanaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks: & betwixt you & me there was mominx, when I almost wisht that I'd been borne a My-ommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemn'd to be appy with any one.

"Meanwile every-think went on very agreeable betwixt me & my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd Mr. Showery the great Hocationear to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my qualiaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the Maening Erald—no no, I'm not such a Mough as to go there for ackrit infamation) an account of my family, my harms & pedigree.

"I horderd in Long Hacre, three splendid equipidges, on which my harms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated Mr. Shalloon, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to Hangelina. Its not considered flattrng—and though she parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's one young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happie of her hi."

"Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost me? It was bought in by Maryhann, though:—O dear Jeames, she says often, (kissing of it & pressing it to her art) it

isn't I ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the ig-sprehn of your dear dear i's."

"Hangelina's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B, her man ma, though of course, I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Beauty* this year."

"With such a perfushun of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, is very like. She was paynted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and her brother Southdown, who is one of the New England poets, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the sea,
Where the cliffs of boumy Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race:
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gu'es an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O! grant me, sweet Saint Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Saint Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clomay feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vil
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile,
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A Snon.

"All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poem bewtife. They're al ways writing about battleaxs and shivlery, these young chaps; but the ideo of Southdown in a shoot of armer, and his cuttin' hoo' his 'strong right hand,' is rather too good; the feller is about 5 ft hi,—as ricketty as a baby, with a vaist like a gal,—and, though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I ad a cab-boy. But io! my cab-days is over."

"Be still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istory of my life!"

"My friends! you've seen me ither2 in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover proud of my prawsperatry; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and ig-sample through life) but not forgetting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-bianah; and a handsome set of peggs for angung up her lining, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, and to the astonishment of my Snyder there, namely an oliff green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsen plush weskoat with glas-buttons. These pints of gen-arawasy in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting."

"What was the sustins of my last chapter! In that everythink was prepayred for my marriage—the consent of the parents of my Hangelina was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a wed-dinkake weighing half a tunn was a gettin redly by Messrs Gunter, of Buck-ley-square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Hoonon laces as would have staggered hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffkit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by His Inness the Injar Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the establishment of Mysurs Storrt and Mortimer. The honey moon I intended to pass in a continente excursion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopast Mr. Hudson's) as my town house. I waited to conclude the putchis untile the Share-Markit which was rayther deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the miser-able Times, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2or 3; and bein confidant that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts."

"This will explaine to those unfortnight traydemen to woumb I gavv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money:—it 's not my fault if that old screw Lady Bareacres cabbidged three hundred yords of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's no my fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that Lady B. declared they were lost. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up beverythink, Oust and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin."

"Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdone* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoo'. The Bridle apartmnce had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsequently at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexft in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmythy, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnabe world went to see the trooso: and admire the Carridges in Long Hacro. Our traveling charat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals)

was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygna. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and Mary Hann as famdvshamber to my Hangelina. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite given into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjovd our plans for the felter igseedinkly."

"I'd left my lovely Eride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers & bankers's accounts to settle: asletrey asletrey. It was layt befor I got these in horder: my sleep was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took ray chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became m: exceedingly."

"One thing distubbed my mind—two wesks had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbnet imbridered in silver;—which should I wear on the hospicious day! This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detumined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my hallnall; and wear whichever she phit on."

"There was a great busseel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street; which I tributed to the eproching event. The old porter stared most unconmmon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—"

"Her ladyship's not—not at home," says the man; "and my lady's hill in bed."

"Git lunch," says I, "I'll wait till Lady Hangelina returns."

"At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter juined in it, the impi-dent old raskie; and Thom-s says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—*I say, Huffy, old boy! isn't this a good un?*"

"Wadyermean, you infunlle scoundrel," says I, "hollaring and laffing at me!"

"O here's Miss Mary Hann coming up," says Thomes, "ask her"—and indeed there came my little Mary Hann tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me she began to blush & look hod & then to grin too."

"In the name of Imperence," says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—"no raskie of a dunkey shall insult me," and I sent him staggering up against the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-coair with a flopp—Mary Hann, jumping down, says, "O James! O Mr. Plush! read this"—and she pulled out a billy doo."

"I reckanized the and-writing of Hangelina."

BERMUDA.

BY A FORMER RESIDENT.

So soft the air—so moderate the clime
None sickly live, or die before their time.

WALKER.

While the attention of the people of the United States, bent as it would seem on the extension of their limits, is almost exclusively directed to countries on their south-western and western borders, it may not be amiss to devote a few papers to those possessions of Great Britain which lie on their eastern and northern frontier,—embracing the Islands of Bermuda, Newfoundland, Cape Breton—and Prince Edward in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, inhabited by a people speaking the same language, actuated by the same desire and love of freedom; and which belong to the greatest maritime power that ever existed,—to whom the appliance of steam in aid of the peaceful navigation of the ocean or the sterner purposes of naval warfare, would seem to promise—not only the means of more efficient attack and defence, but the indefinite perpetuity of her institutions, her power, and her greatness."

Whether we view the Islands of Bermuda, which form the first colony that we shall describe, as an isolated fortress rising from the bed of the ocean, surrounded by a rampart of shoals and coral rocks, alike filling the minds of the navigator with apprehension, and forming an almost impregnable barrier against the attack of an invading foe; or as a delightful and retired spot, dotting the Atlantic at no great distance from the American continent,—sheltered from the blast of winter while it howls around our habitations, by a wall of heated vapour, which accompanying the Gulf stream, sweeps between them, securing those Summer Islands from the invasion of frost and the desolation of its reign;—in whatever point of view we regard them, they are objects of the deepest interest."

There is no where we believe to be found, so sudden and so great a transition, as is observable, after leaving the American coast at the present inclement season of the year, where bound in icy fetters the pulse of nature ceases to beat, and the exposed and shivering wretch seeks the warmth of the blazing hearth or the more comfortable shelter of his poverty stricken home; when after a sail of four or five days, the wanderer on the deep arrives at the Bermudas, where all is verdure and bloom, and where seems to reign a renovating and perpetual spring,—where odoriferous flowers spring up in the path of the wondering stranger, birds greet him with their music from trees of tropical origin or growth, and a balmy atmosphere at once exhilarates his feelings and regales his senses."

About 600 miles south by east from Cape Hatteras, lie a cluster of small islands—said to be about 400 in number, but many of which are mere rocks—which were discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1522. In 1609 Sir George Somers, an Englishman, was wrecked; who formed the first settlement, and subsequently died there. These Islands lie in the form of a shepherd's crook, and extend in a northeast and southwest direction, extending in length twenty five miles, and inhabited by a population of ten or twelve thousand souls,—the island of St. George forming the eastern point, and that of Ireland, where is established a well furnished naval yard—like St. George well fortified,—the terminating crook in the northwest; the mainland extending from the ferry at the last named place, to Somerset the western extremity; which is separated from Ireland Island by a narrow arm of the sea that opens into a spacious Sound, where lie the vessels of war in front of the Dock Yard; securely sheltered from the northwesterly, which blowing from the bleak shores of Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy, come moderated in temperature but not in strength."

About midway on the north side of the main land, at its broadest part, a peninsula extends to within about two miles of Ireland, and is called Spanish point; inside of which is the harbour of Hamilton, which place, about thirty years since was made the seat of government of the Bermudas; and where the courts of justice hold their sittings, and the Legislature is convened."

Opposite St. George, at the east end, lies St. David's Island, forming the south side of its harbour, the entrance of which is from the east; and which is connected with Castle-harbour—formed by the western shore of St. David's, and Long Bird Islands, and a southern promontory on the main land, composed of large sand hills, that are blown about by the wind in every direction and defended by a castle, whence it takes its name. It was close in with this shore that the ships of war formerly anchored, where the water is deep; while the remainder is filled with shifting sands; among which nothing larger than a boat can be navigated.

None of these Islands are of any great elevation; at St. George there is a hill which commands the town and harbour, and the anchorage on the north side, which is strongly fortified; at the entrance of the harbour is Fort Cunningham, called after an officer of the Royal Engineers, who completed the fortifications there, since the last American war, and which completely defends the entrance, which is extremely narrow and tortuous; and through which vessels drawing over eighteen feet of water cannot pass, owing to an obstruction which might be removed at a comparatively inconsiderable expense. Vessels of war therefore, except of a smaller class, either anchor outside of it, and in an exposed situation, or passing round St. Catherine's head, where is a fort which commands the narrow channel, proceed to Murray's Anchorage—an open roadstead—to the Wells, near Spanish Point, on the north side,—or to the Dock Yard; neither of which places can be reached, without a fair or leading wind, or without the assistance of steam.

We have said that only small vessels of war can enter St. George's harbour, which recalls to mind a circumstance evincing the most consummate skill, promptitude and daring, on the part of the Captain of a French privateer, during the last French war with England, by which he achieved the liberation of himself and fellow prisoners, and captured a fast sailing vessel; which afforded the means of annoyance to the public enemy of his nation. It happened they were confined on board a tender belonging to the Admiral's ship, commanded by a Lieutenant of the navy; and which was got under weigh every fine day, to sail about the harbour on excursions of pleasure. One afternoon, while this officer was dining on shore with the Admiral, the Frenchman and his companions rose upon the crew and seized the vessel, lying directly under the windows of the Admiralty house, where her commander was contentedly sipping his wine; but the movement was not observed till the vessel was under weigh and spreading her canvass to the breeze; and before it was possible to telegraph to the fort, she had glided out of the harbour—the Frenchman dressed in the coat and epauletts, and cocked hat of the Lieutenant, thus effectually deceiving the officer in command; and when beyond the reach of its guns, he hauled down the British ensign, and replaced it with the flag of his country, which once more proudly floated on the gale.

But to return from this digression. We have already said, the Bermudas are protected by those rocks and shoals that every where surround them; and which from the east, round northerly to the southwest, extend ten or fifteen miles from the Islands; the most prominent of which are the north-east or Mill's Breaker—the North Rock, which is bare at low water, 10 miles distant—shoals in the north-west trending away toward the American coast, with which the Bermudas would seem at one time to have been connected—and the South-west Breaker, some four or five miles in that direction, probably the most dangerous of them all; where often the goodly ship has been wrecked in a moment of fancied security, or during the violence of the storm and tempest, leaving no vestige of her fate or that of her unhappy crew. These shoals it will be perceived, extend a long distance from the land; but within them there is considerable breadth of deep water, which forms Murray's anchorage, and that at the Wells, to which allusion has already been made; where the shipping obtain their supply of water. On the south side of the Island, however, it is very different;—there a continuous chain of small rocks, with intervals of deep water between them, affording room in some places for vessels to pass, extend from off the south-west part of the Island to the south-east, with the most surprising uniformity, at about musket shot from the land; within which the water is so bold and the shore generally so steep, that on one occasion, a Dutch brig, whose Captain did not fancy himself near terra firma, passed one dark night between the rocks and ran her nose ashore, where her people alighted from the bowsprit.

Thus secured in a great measure against any hostile approach by the hand of nature, and protected by the naval power of England, these Islands would seem to require no other means of defence. But every strong point, is fortified by art, and bristles with pieces of heavy ordnance; and the sentry constantly "walks his lonely round," watching with vigilant eye the earliest indication of the approach of a peaceful or warlike stranger.

These Islands besides, are dangerous of approach from other causes; and den squalls burst with the utmost fury upon vessels in that latitude, whose officers and crews may not have carefully noticed their approach; and so proverbial are their occurrence, that it is a common expression among nautical men,—

"If Bermuda let you pass,
Then look out for Cape Hatteras."

which would seem to stand next in their category of danger.

Previous to the invention of chronometers, there was frequently much difficulty in making these Islands when coming from the northward, caused by the variable breadth of the Gulf Stream, and the consequent uncertainty of its strength, which is operated upon by the prevalence of northerly or southerly winds, through which vessels must pass sailing from the American continent; owing to which the Captain of a British frigate was six weeks looking for the land; and ultimately had to run for the Capes of Virginia, and there take a fresh departure, before he could discover them.

The currents around the Bermudas are also a prominent cause of the frequent shipwrecks that take place, they being known to concentrate in that direction, and such is their perilous tendency that there is or was a standing order of the British Admiralty, that no captain shall lay his ship to when in their neighbourhood or in the same latitude; a rule which, were it observed on board of merchant vessels, might be the means of saving many lives. To guard against accidents that are continually occurring, no precautions until recently have been adopted; but at present a light house is being erected at a place near the west end of Bermuda, called Wreck Hill; which to a certain extent will be a source of security and satisfaction to those who shall have occasion to pass near the Island; although it has been contended—and this may in some measure account for the late hour of its erection—that its necessary low elevation would prevent it from being seen at any great distance; and that vessels running for the light, whence to take a fresh departure, would if thick weather intervened, rush into the very vortex of destruction.

It will be apparent from the account here given of the approach to Bermuda, that ingress and egress must be entrusted to the management of well-trained

and skilful pilots—and such is the fact. When a vessel is discovered approaching the Islands, she is promptly boarded by one of the beautiful boats, for which they are famed; from which jumps a coloured man who promptly takes command of the vessel. Stationing himself at the bow, he cons her way, watching for the shoals that lie in her course, which the transparency of the water enables him to see, and which the ready answer of the helm alone can enable him to avoid. In navigating these channels, these men display much presence of mind on any sudden emergency; and a remarkable instance is recorded of a respectable coloured man, named James Darrell, who by his coolness and judgment prevented the loss of a frigate that was committed to his charge, when endeavouring to pass to sea through the North Rock passage.

Rightly to understand the magnitude of the danger she escaped, it may be well to state that no vessel can go through this channel, owing to its zig-zag courses, unless the wind is from the southward, and consequently perfectly fair. Besides so critical is the navigation—which by the way is reserved exclusively for King's vessels, as no pilot is permitted to take a merchant vessel to sea through that passage,—that it must be buoyed off on the preceding day; and in one place is so narrow, that leads can be dropped at the same time on shoals on both sides of a ship, the width between them not being greater than that of her bilge through such an opening as this,—when at one moment a ship's head points due east, then to the north, and immediately afterwards due west. Jimmy Darrell, as the good old man was called, was piloting a frigate when she was suddenly taken back, the wind flying out from the northward. The Captain gave his ship up for lost; and was almost frantic at the prospect of her destruction, when he was encouraged by the calmness of the pilot. "Keep your men to their duty, sir," he said, "and I will back her through, and proceed to sea by St. Catherine's head." The ship was already under easy sail, the jib was lowered, the spanker secured amidships to answer the purpose of that sail, during the inverse order of sailing, that part of the channel which had been passed was retraced; the vessel had soon room to fill away, and went to sea by the ordinary passage. For this conduct Darrell was rated as a King's Pilot, receiving five shillings sterling a day when unemployed during the remainder of his life.

Of a different stamp however was another of these Pilots; and we may, we trust, be permitted to mention an instance of tact and management, which had better been exerted in a better cause. The feat alluded to, was nothing less than his stealing a pipe of wine out of an English frigate in the presence of her officers and the ship's company, and it was effected in this way:—When Sir John Beresford commanded the Cambrian frigate, this man often piloted her into and from the anchorage, and his wife washed the Captain's linen. Sir John had a pipe of Madeira on board, by which he set great store; it had been with him in various climates and on numerous cruises to improve its flavour. Like the "meteor flag of England it had braved the battle and the breeze," and he intended to reserve it for use on his return to his native land, when relieved from the arduous and honourable duties of his profession, he should be able to gather his friends around him, and have an opportunity of exercising those rites of hospitality so inseparable from an Englishman's fire-side.

It happened, however, that when the Cambrian was about to leave Bermuda on a four months cruise, his steward informed him that he was fearful the stock of wine on board would not last till her return. Sir John thought differently, but concluded by saying that if they should run short the choice pipe referred to must be tapped. "That," replied Boniface, "has been used long since." Subsequent investigation proved that the steward had stolen the wine, and sent it ashore in small quantities, concealed in the bag of clothes that required washing; the empty vessel in which it had been smuggled off, being returned in the same manner. To mend the matter, the fellow kept a house which the Captain and other officers frequented to enjoy a lunch, and which was preferred as a place of resort on account of the excellent Madeira with which he supplied them; and which he described as having been obtained from an American vessel that had been wrecked. It turned out therefore that that Sir John, in addition to losing his wine, had actually paid the thief three dollars a bottle for the pleasure and privilege of drinking it. Afterwards he used jocosely to declare, that if any person had previously told him it were possible to steal a pipe of wine from a frigate, he could not have believed it possible.

But as we have pretty well got through with the natural difficulties that environ Bermuda—having cracked the nutshell as it were; probably those who may have favoured this paper with a perusal, will think with the writer that it will be best to reserve a description of the kernel for another number.

E. W.

Latest Intelligence.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

We are indebted to Capt. Tinker, of the packet ship *Toronto*, for London papers to Feb. 7th and Portsmouth to the 9th inclusive.

The Times of the 7th has an article commending the course of Mr. Calhoun. The failure of the potato crop continued to be the subject of general interest and remark.

There is nothing new from Ireland. The country continues to be a scene of excitement and agitation.

The Overland Mail reached London on the 5th. The Bombay papers contain the important news that the Sikh army had crossed the Sutlej, and that a severe battle had been fought, in which the British were victorious.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The opinion we expressed yesterday, that the pressure for money had passed its strength, has been confirmed to-day.

Discounts are still difficult, but the Funds have experienced a further advance of nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and Exchequer Bills are also higher.

We hear that the payments to the Accountant-General by railway companies amount to £9,000,000. From that to £10,000,000 was our estimate from the commencement. We held that to be the fair estimate of the amount that would be actually paid to the Accountant-General, when others, who spoke with much assumption of official authority, would not condescend to name the gross amount at less than £30,000,000! The same parties, it is true, have lately stated the amount paid in for railway deposits at not more than £5,000,000. The purchases made to-day by the broker for the Court of Chancery have been equal, it is said, to £500,000. They have been effected for behoof of railway committees, who are now re-investing the Stock and Exchequer Bills which they have previously sold to enable them to make good their deposits to the Accountant-General in money.—*Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 6.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—We do not anticipate that the resolution for terminating the convention by twelve months' notice will be defeated in the Senate, or if defeated now, it would infallibly be sent back and carried at no distant period.

in some other form. But we trust that whenever such a notice has been given, both countries and both governments will remember that the year of notice is a year of grace, and that it will be an indelible blot on them and on the time we live in, if we cannot succeed within that period in reconciling the differences of two great states, arising out of a question so unworthy of their common origin, their present greatness, and their future destinies.—*Times*.

The discussion upon the Oregon resolutions has been postponed to the 10th of the present month. The delay is regarded as a favorable indication of the public feeling. Before they plunge into a discussion which may hurry them to results they have not yet seriously contemplated, the public men of America are naturally anxious to ascertain what effect has been produced in England by their President's message. It is avowedly with this view that the discussion has been postponed.—*London Chronicle*, Feb. 4.

Sir Robert Peel, on the 3d, said that, inasmuch as the mail for America was about to sail from Liverpool, he would announce his intentions concerning the duty on timber. He proposed to make a reduction of the duty which should ultimately fix it at 15s—now it is 25. From the 5th of April, 1847, the duty on hewn timber is to be reduced by 5s—and the next year by the same amount. On sawn timber the duty was to be 6s. on the 5th of April, 1847, and 6s. more in the next year. Until April 1847, the duties would remain precisely as they are.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Sir Robert Peel said that with respect to the contemplated reduction of duties, the Government intended that the remission on each class should take effect from the day that the House affirmed a resolution to that effect, taking of course the usual security against loss in case the measure did not ultimately become a law. Corn would be dealt with in the same way.

Mr. Watson, after a brief statement, asked leave to re-introduce his bill of last session for the further repeal of enactments imposing pains and penalties upon her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, on account of religion.

Sir James Graham would not oppose the introduction of the bill, but informed the house that the matter was anticipated by the Government, the Lord Chancellor in the Upper House, having brought in a similar bill, founded on the recommendations of the Criminal Law Commissioners; and this measure the Government will endeavour to carry.

Leave was given to Mr. Watson to introduce the bill.

EFFECT OF SIR ROBERT PEELE'S SPEECH ON THE CORN MARKETS.—It is well deserving of notice that the announcement of Sir Robert Peel's intended change in the corn laws has produced scarcely any effect on the corn market. The price of wheat, instead of going down with a run, as it ought to have done, according to the confident assertions of monopolist writers and speakers, has slightly risen in several markets and remained stationary in most, and has not anywhere sunk to a serious extent. As the corn dealers are at once a shrewd and a sensitive race, we may take it for granted that they do not expect any fall from present prices to follow the introduction of the new system; if they did, their fears would have been shown by a rapid decline in all the principal markets in the kingdom. The fact is, that they know what is the real extent of the supply, both of British and foreign grain, too well to entertain any such fears.—*Liverpool Times*.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF POTATOES.—Yesterday the price of potatoes advanced 6d., and on some kinds 1s. per cwt. A pound of good potatoes cannot now be purchased under 1d. and 1½d.; and for one pound of the best bread the charge is, with very few exceptions, 2½d., or 8½d. or 10d. per four-pound loaf, the price having advanced ½d. within the last two or three days.

LORD MORPETH.—The Morning Chronicle speaks of "the triumphant enthusiasm with which Yorkshire has just restored to Lord Morpeth the honour of his representation, which, it says, was not needed to proclaim the downfall of the Corn law. The decisive blow had been struck before the West Riding formally entered the field. There is work still to be done to make good the victory of free trade; but Lord Morpeth re-assumes his post as a leader when the forces of the enemy are confused and faint-hearted, and when they can see nothing before them but rout and surrender."

From the London Times.

The position which has been assumed in the Senate of the United States by Mr. Calhoun, has immediately improved the chances of an amicable settlement of our differences with the Americans, and it has substituted the conduct and temper of a statesman for the extravagant and ill-directed passion of the multitude. We expected no less from Mr. Calhoun. Although the policy of England on one important subject, deeply connected with the interests of humanity and the cause of free labour, has in him an unflinching opponent, and although his zeal in the defence of slavery in the south has sometimes led him to traduce, or at least to misconceive the commercial and colonial views and objects of Great Britain, nevertheless Mr. Calhoun is compelled by the interests of which he is the principal representative and expositor to act a pacific part in the relations of the two nations. On most other points, but especially with reference to those truths of commercial policy which are at this time working such vast and incalculable changes in the social economy of this country, and in our relations with other communities abroad, there is a strong conformity of interest and opinion between the views of Mr. Calhoun and those now prevalent amongst us. The principles of free trade, in defence of which he threatened in 1833 to rend the Union itself, and to nullify the supreme laws of the commonwealth, are now triumphing in the world. The democratic party in America has achieved a victory which leaves its leading statesmen no excuse for not carrying into full effect the great principles of their political faith. It is true that in Pennsylvania and some of the northern States, Mr. Polk's party took advantage of the obscurity of their candidate to pass him off as a supporter of the existing tariff; but the clear and able paragraphs in his Message on the subject of commercial restrictions have removed all doubt on this subject, and the American Government is advancing almost as rapidly as our own to a pure system of revenue duties. Texas has already added two votes to the cause of free trade, and to the defence of southern interests in the Senate; and before any final resolution can have been taken in Congress, the particulars of Sir R. Peel's measure will have been circulated in every part of the Union.

Everything conspires to make Mr. Calhoun at this crisis the most important, and perhaps the most powerful man, in the country. He is evidently contending for the Presidency of the United States at the election of 1848. The triumph of the democratic party in 1844 has already broken the strength of the Whigs. The annexation of Texas has established beyond all possibility of doubt the ascendancy of the south. To place power in the hands of

Mr. Calhoun and to carry into effect his principles, is the just and inevitable consequence of these acts of the nation. We have never disguised our regret at the defeat of Mr. Clay, and at the success of the aggressive policy of Mr. Tyler, assisted by Mr. Calhoun, who was then Secretary of State; but it must in fairness be acknowledged that there are drawbacks and advantages on both sides and in both parties, and it is our duty as well as our interest to make the best we can of political changes in foreign states, over which we can exercise no preventive influence. It is not true that the whole Whig party in America is a pacific party; and it is equally untrue that the party of peace is essentially Whig. Mr. Clay is an opponent of those free trade principles which will prove in the end the surest safeguard of peace; and amongst the manufacturers of England it would be easy to point out some of the least sincere friends of peace in the whole Union. Mr. Calhoun, on the contrary, representing what is called in America the middle party, is essentially pacific, because upon the maintenance of peace depend the success of the measures he has long advocated, and his own chance of arriving at the President's chair. The line of conduct he has adopted in the Senate is, therefore, that which we had anticipated from him.

He has succeeded in defeating an absurd and inopportune resolution of Mr. Allen, which tended to pledge the United States to resist all foreign interference whatever on the American continent. He has induced the Senate to postpone for a few days the discussion and vote upon the notice for the termination of the existing Oregon convention. In both cases he has shown more tact and prudence than the boiling patriots of the West; but, it must be added, that he has likewise shown more real ability for the accomplishment of their designs. Mr. Calhoun is certainly not the man to abandon the pretensions of the United States Government to a most extensive influence on the whole American continent, or to abandon the scheme of getting possession of the whole of Oregon. But he is too sagacious and experienced not to perceive that to assert these intentions, is the surest way to excite opposition, and to insure defeat. His endeavours to obtain a postponement are dictated by a just calculation of the chances of ultimate success quite as much as by the desire to avoid the calamity of an immediate rupture. We may applaud any course of action which tends to still the excitement of the American democracy, and restrain it within the sphere of action of regular government; but no one can forget or deny that these cautious tactics are far more difficult for us to deal with and to defeat than the mere bullying outcry of the populace.

In our opinion, no course which leaves the question of the Oregon territory open and unsettled, can now be trusted or even endured. Even if public opinion in Europe and the United States were not excited on the subject, there are sufficient materials for a conflagration in the country itself; and any outrage committed there on either side by American or British settlers, would render war all but inevitable. A treaty which is differently interpreted by the several parties to it, and which, at the best, has had the effect of confounding and suspending our respective claims, rather than that of defining and asserting them, is an instrument which actually invites dispute; and from the moment that either party is resolved to stretch the powers it holds under such a convention to their fullest limit, it can hardly avoid encroachment on the rights of the other occupant. The time is, therefore, undoubtedly come, when the provisions and imperfect treaty must end, and a final agreement for the partition of the territory must take its place. It is of little importance in our eyes whether notice of the actual termination of the convention be given by the Americans or delayed. For all useful purposes, the sort of acquiescence in a joint and doubtful right which that convention indicated and established, ceased from the moment when either nation loudly asserted absolute rights incompatible with such a stipulation. The sovereignty of the country has been in abeyance, but it can no longer remain so; and we see nothing irrational or alarming in the resolution of a large party in America to bring the question to a final settlement, provided that settlement be, as it ought to be, equitable and pacific. At any rate, it is an absurd exaggeration to assert that the termination of a treaty which has ceased to give any protection to either party, is a sure prelude to war; and with a view to the ultimate designs of the United States, the cessation of the existing state of things is no less desirable to us than it is to them.

OVERLAND MAIL.

From the Bombay Times, Jan. 1.

The long expected crisis in the affairs of the Punjab has at last taken place. The Sikh army, anxious for plunder, crossed the Sutlej to the number of 30,000 men with 70 pieces of artillery. Their sharpshooters fired upon some English soldiers sent to reconnoitre, and their main body attacked our camels. Thus war was declared, and the entire territory on the left bank of the Sutlej, producing a revenue of £75,000, has been confiscated and annexed to our dominions. According to the last accounts, the forces of the Sikhs were advancing to attack Ferozepore, where General Sir John Littler, with a body of resolute men, had thrown up some temporary intrenchments for their attack.

The European and native troops were hurrying from all sides to the frontiers for the purpose of co-operating with General Sir John Littler. The Governor General and Commander-in-chief were proceeding to Ferozepore. We hourly expect to hear that an engagement was fought, and we have no doubt that it will be disastrous for our enemies. It is not known whether the Governor General intends to annex the whole Sikh territory to our dominion. The Rannee, who, it appears, has remained in the capital, declares having done every thing in her power to avoid hostilities, but having been unable to restrain the soldiery.

Our Alexandria correspondent writes on the 23d of January. War has commenced in the Punjab. Letters from Suez state that the Sikhs attacked the British army with 55,000 men and 150 pieces of artillery, on the 21st of December. The fighting was not yet over when the express left on the 23d. A great number of Sikhs were killed, 55 pieces of cannon had fallen into the hands of the English, who also suffered considerable loss. General Littler was repulsed at the onset, but the efforts of Sir Henry Hardings and Sir H. Gough changed the fate of the day in favour of the English army. It is believed that the Sikhs were obliged to recross the Sutlej on the following day, the 24th of December.

From the Agra Ukhbar, Dec. 24.

Reports from native sources are current in our Bazar, that General Sir J. H. Littler, after an action with the Sikh troops, has obtained a victory, inflicting on them a great slaughter, and himself suffering a loss of some eight officers, and 400 or 500 men killed and wounded. It is also said that a detachment of the 2nd Grenadiers, of probably 200 strength, escorting treasure for the Governor General's camp, had been attacked and suffered considerably.

THE CAMBRIAN CELEBRATION.

The Anniversary day of the tutelary saint of Wales falling on Sunday last, the commemoration of it was postponed till the following day (2d March), when a splendid festival was held at the Minerva Rooms, Broadway, and where taste in the decorations and hospitality in the feast were fully evidenced. Robt. H. Morris, Esq. presided on the occasion. The Vice Presidents were Messrs. Thos. Morris, son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, J. S. Breese, and George Morgan, and there were present the Mexican and Spanish Consuls and the French Vice Consul at this port, Capt. Breese, U. S. N., the President of the St. David's Society, the President of the Scandinavian Society, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, and about 150 other gentlemen. At the head of the room, and immediately above the Chairman, was a splendid banner, on which was the old national device of The Dragon, and at the other end of the saloon was a portrait of the late General Morgan Lewis. After a plentiful repast was partaken, the business of the evening was commenced by the Chairman, who proposed successively thirteen regular toasts in the following order:

The Chairman, before announcing the first regular toast, commenced by addressing the guests assembled in a most eloquent speech filled with patriotic sentiments for Cambria and Cambrians. He said this was a day celebrated by Welshmen in commemoration of the land of their birth; and others present as the land of their ancestors—that country which has given birth to some of the noblest, bravest, wisest men that ever adorned the page of history; it was to Welsh minds, and to Welsh valor that this country owed much of what she now possesses. Wales had preserved her independence, her language, her nationality for centuries, whilst other nations became lost sight of. He then requested the company to fill for the first toast.

1st. "The Day—Dedicated to the remembrance of the land of our origin and to the rehearsal of the deeds of her good and her brave."—Drank with nine hearty cheers.

Song—"Air, 'The kind Minstrel,' by Mr. James Jones, proprietor of St. David's Hall.

2d. "Wales—Of many of us the land of our birth; of the others the land of our ancestors—'While reason holds her empire, so long shall we cling to thee.'—Drank with full honours and great applause.—Song—"Home, sweet home," by the Anglesa Glee Club—Cambrian March on the Harp, ('Men of Harlech,') by Mr. Llewellyn.

3d. "The United States—Of many of us the land of our birth; of the others, the land of our adoption—'While reason holds her empire, so long shall our hearts cling to thee.'—Drank enthusiastically with all the honours.—Hail Columbia," by the Band—Song—"The Star Spangled Banner," by the Glee Club.

Mr. Morris, on proposing the fourth toast, said that there were interesting reminiscences awakened by the occasion, which he would detail. Originally there were thirteen counties of Wales, when in the enjoyment of her power, and there were the same number of original American colonies. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there were thirteen Welshmen and descendants of Welshmen, two of whom were born in Wales. [Great applause.] When in their power, the Welsh states united to choose one head, and so did ours,—each, in the one, as in the other, retaining their sovereignty. He remarked that the Celtic nations have always held a conspicuous place in the world. He observed that it was a singular coincidence that there should be thirteen counties in Wales; thirteen original States, and thirteen signers of the Declaration of Welsh descent. The thirteen signers were:—Stephen Hopkins, of R. I.; William Williams, of Conn.; William Floyd, of N. Y.; Lewis Morris, of do.; Francis Hopkins, of N. J.; Robert Morris, of Pa.; John Morton, of do.; Thomas Jefferson, of Va.; Richard H. Lee, of do.; Francis H. Lee, of do.; Benj. Harrison, of do.; John Penn, of N. C.; Arthur Middleton, of S. C. It was also stated that Gov. Francis Lewis, of New York, was a Welshman born, and the father of the distinguished General Morgan Lewis. The celebrated Buxton Gwynett, of Georgia, also, was born in Wales.

4th. "The Declaration of Independence—The embodiment of human wisdom, justice and courage—penned by the offspring of Welsh parentage—signed by Welshmen and the descendants of Welshmen—and sustained through the glorious Revolutionary struggle by Welsh arms: May its principles never be deserted or betrayed, and least of all by a descendant of the Cymry."—Drank with loud and continued applause.—"Hail Columbia," by the band.

5th. "The Memory of Thomas Jefferson—the Author of the Declaration of Independence; father of the University of Virginia—propagator and teacher of political equality, and of the principles of self government, and the zealous advocate of national education.

Nature formed but one such man,

And broke the die in moulding Jefferson."

Drank standing, and in silence—Dirge by the Band—Welsh Air—"Noble race of Shenkin"

6th. "Popular Education—The preserver of National Liberty, and the solid, permanent basis of national prosperity and greatness. She gives impulse and direction to virtuous ambition—develops the talents of the obscure and the humble, and elevates him among the rulers of the people. Happy America! where ample means are provided for the education of thy children, and where honours are conferred on merit alone."—Drank with full honours

The Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, as one of the Regents of the University, responded to this toast as follows:—

"I have to thank the president and the society (said he) for the honour of appearing in behalf of so great a cause, on so great an occasion, and before so respectable an association. The great question of popular education has long been settled. It is no longer a question of mere expediency, but a right of the people. We talk of altering the city charter—we talk of reforming the State constitution—but good and enlightened reformers can only be accomplished by an enlightened people. The whole mass of society should be brought within the means of obtaining knowledge, and those peculiarly fitted for particular pursuits should be brought out. Thus there would be a chance of producing from our country schools another Washington, another Franklin, or another Newton. The public mind is agitated with great views of futurity, Texas—Oregon. (I am not speaking of political questions,) but our people are to spread over them. To accomplish great good, that people must be educated. What a magnificent prospect is opened before us! Let us not talk of national glory—but an enlightened people, spreading the blessings of a true and tolerant religion, and liberal science."

Mr. Verplanck concluded by saying, that contemptible as that aristocracy

may be, which prides itself on birth alone, the aristocracy of Wales is not to be despised. (Great applause.) He then gave a toast as follows:—

"Wales—Rich in her ancient and almost primitive language; in her national poetry and music; in her history, filled with recollections of virtue, valor and patriotism, and in the high and independent spirits of her sons. May these sons, wherever their lot may be cast, never cease to hold in grateful honour the memory of those Welshmen of past ages, whose genius and virtue preserved to after generations this national inheritance."

7th. "The President of the United States—He holds the first station in the gift of free and happy millions—his claims to it are his own merits—it was conferred by the confidence of a nation."—Drank with tremendous cheers—"Hail to the Chief," by the band.

The following toast was prefaced by the President in a brief and appropriate manner:

8th. "Queen Victoria—Long may she live in the affections of her subjects—and may clouds of discord and war never cast a gloom over the bright horizon of her Empire."—Drank with great enthusiasm and loud and continued cheers.—Song—"God save the Queen," by Mr. Austin Phillips, in grand style.

Previous to giving the 9th regular toast, Mr. Morris regretted that so many of the invitations to Representatives of foreign States, had been declined, but alluded to three gentlemen, a friend from Spain, one whom he trusted he might call a friend from Mexico, and a representative of France, who was also kindred with the Welshmen around them, as he comes from Brittany. (Great cheering.) Regretting that no Irishman was officially present, the chairman said, "Would to God Sir Patrick O'Plenipo were with us!" a sentiment which called forth a burst of genuine enthusiasm.

9th. "The Nations of the Earth—Originally of one source—let the remembrance of the fact engender sentiments of mutual respect, consideration and esteem. Let the golden motto of Him whose inspirations teach nations as well as individuals 'to do unto others as they wish to be done by,' pervade their councils—and the instruments of war will be permanently converted into the peaceful tools of husbandry. We welcome their representatives among us."—Responded to with full honours.—This, of course, brought out the representatives of foreign nations.

The Consul of Spain, drank "To the descendants of the gallant Welsh people."

The Consul General of Mexico said—"Gentlemen, if it will not be too bold in me to address so respectable a society, in the language which I so imperfectly speak, I desire to say a word or two. I feel very much gratified with the attentions this society has tendered me. It is impossible for me to express my meaning—but my heart knows what to say. The allusion that has been made here, to the country which I represent, is very grateful to my feelings. I hold the trust—I hope I shall always try to perform my duty,—and am sorry that this duty will sometimes compel me to be at variance with the children of other countries. But peace is my idol—I want peace above everything in the world—I want no war; I have been in the midst of war too long to be ignorant of its consequences. It is easy to convince ourselves that this peace cannot be preserved while injustice is done. I heard something a little while ago from Mr. Verplanck, of the great future before this people. Education was wanted—education, the first element of the grandeur of the nation. But education must be attended by honour and justice—no trampling on the rights of others. All nations come from the same stock. The law of God is only one—it is made for all. I hope the advantages of superior education will never be used by this people to aggress on others. The Welsh have been noted for their honesty. The practice of this virtue will not only secure peace and good feelings between my country and this, but between all nations of the world. My sentiment is—"Peace throughout the earth."

Mr. Louis Borg, Vice-Consul of France, then rose and made the following remarks:—

"Gentlemen, In the absence of the Consul-General of France, I congratulate myself of the honor devolved on me, of partaking of your National Festival. Although not familiar enough with the English language to address you on this occasion, I cannot, the less, remain silent after the expressions just uttered by the honourable President—expressions full of kindness towards the French nation, and particularly towards that province of France, Brittany, whose inhabitants are sons of your own fathers.—The presence of a French Deputation from Brittany, at your National Festival at Abergavenny, is a proof of the mutual and natural feelings which exist between the two populations. Yes, Gentlemen, Cambria and Armerica are sisters by birth, and their sons are brethren by origin, and by that feeling which, notwithstanding the huge steps of ages, draws its strength from its very root: *The love of the natal soil.*

It does not belong to me Gentlemen, to speak of the nationality of the Cambrians, but, I must say, it is with an eye sparkling of admiration that the world looks on the Welsh for that same passion of their ancestors, with which they have perpetuated their history, their language, their national literature, and thus giving the truth to the Bards of the sixth century who predicted that the Cambrian population and language would enjoy eternity. I beg leave, Gentlemen, to propose the following sentiment:

"Honor to the Cambrian Manuscript Society, for their noble enterprise, and glory to their increasing success."

10th. The City of New York—The great centre of the commerce, intelligence and liberality of the Western World. She is not more distinguished by the hardy perseverance and commercial enterprises of her sons, than for their generous and fostering protection of benevolent and Christian efforts—Her course is still onward.

11th. The memory of Major General Morgan Lewis—A son of one of the signers of the Declaration—a native of Wales—Both in the field and in the Cabinet, his valour and worth were properly appreciated, and he shared largely of the confidence of the nation. Summoned to the camp at an early age, he rose rapidly to the most distinguished military honours in the active service of his country. As a citizen and a statesman his laurels were not less numerous and honourable—successively Attorney General, Justice of the Supreme Court, and Governor of his native State,—he was throughout his long, eventful and honourable life, the object of the confidence and affection of his fellow citizens. Drank standing and in silence. Song—"Rest, warrior, rest," by Mr. Campbell.

12th. The Welsh Societies in the United States—formed for the purpose of protecting the helpless—shielding from harm the unwary—and relieving from distress the unfortunate—May they ever be mindful of the great and good objects which actuated their founders.

Mr. William Miles, rose to reply to the last sentiment. He said, that for the honour done to the Welsh Societies in the United States, he begged leave, in behalf of the "Welsh Emigrant Society," of this city, to return his grateful acknowledgments. He said that it was customary for the Society which he

had the honour to represent, to hold a festive gathering of their own upon St. David's Day; but this year, at the solicitation of a number of gentlemen, both connected and unconnected with the various Welsh Societies, they were induced to forego their celebration, to join with their countrymen in a National one, wherein all might unite upon equal and friendly grounds. It had been represented to the Members of the Welsh Society, that a strong feeling existed in favour of such a festival as this; and as an element in the Welsh community, and ever mindful of the sentiments and wishes of the people at large, our members cheerfully complied with the request made upon them.

Mr. President,—I will not trespass upon your time at this interesting stage of your proceedings, when so many distinguished strangers stand ready to entertain you with strains of eloquence, which may prove far more interesting than anything I may say. There are assembled, at another portion of our city, a number of fellow countrymen, who, like ourselves, are engaged in doing reverence to the memory of old Cambria, and old St. David—and although it would be impossible for them to outdo us in patriotic devotion to our native country, still they have endeavoured to excel us in gallantry and respect to the fair sex, by mixing the latter as an ingredient in their festivities. I will, therefore, beg leave to propose as a sentiment—

"The gallant and patriotic Members of the St. David's Benevolent Society." Drink with enthusiastic and vociferous applause.

13th. The Welsh Fair—A virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies. Three times three, and three more.

"Here's a health to all good lasses," by Mr. Austin Phillips, with full and hearty chorus by the Company.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

Mr. Morris then led off the volunteer toasts, making some remarks upon emigration, ancient and modern, the first warlike and destructive, the last peaceful; the first wiping away what it found existing, the latter strengthening the institutions of its adoption, by amalgamation. The Chairman gave some sound counsel to guide emigrants in coming hither, and in their conduct when here; and closed with the following sentiment which was very well received.

Emigration—Its origin was oppression. It has been carried out by enterprise and intelligence. It has produced liberal institutions, a frugal, prosperous and happy people, and a just, indomitable, and influential nation.

John Plumb, jun., Esq. left Washington on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of acting as Vice-President on the occasion. Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, however, the cars were detained on the road, and Mr. P. did not arrive until after the feast was over. Mr. D. L. Jones, consequently offered, on behalf of Mr. P., "The Press," with a complimentary allusion, and was replied to by three gentlemen connected with different city papers.

J. F. Otis, at the conclusion of his speech, offered "The Bar," which drew out Mr. Thayer, of this city, in an eloquent speech, on the ancient glory of Wales, and the cruelty of the 'ruthless king,' (immortalized by Gray) who slew their bards. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—In responding to the sentiment which has just been given, as one of your invited guests, I cannot withhold an expression of the deep gratification I have felt this evening, in mingling in your festivities. The descendants of Cambria have a right, and may well indulge, on such an occasion as this, in feelings of peculiar national pride: for all that is independent and elevated in their character—that draws around it, from its ancient name and origin, high and noble qualities and associations—strikes deep and strong that cord of honourable and generous pride! And no sentiment is more prevailing, none blends in finer union with the affections of the heart, than devotion to our own and the birthplace of our ancestors—the land of our fathers! If our feet tread upon its soil, it is hallowed, and every step is in reverence and love; or if we go back to it, in remembrance, the glow is warm in our breasts, and in the light and life of reality its glory is around us. From past ages, History reveals it in the narrative of great deeds and events; Tradition recites it in the simple and unrecorded story of daring and heroism; Poetry and Romance in all the unveiled beauty and strength of primitive genius, touch with a soft and sacred ray every high point of achievement and brilliant action. To cherish this sentiment—to revive your history—to kindle into warmer devotion your admiration for your ancestral name and virtues, you are now here, on the return of St. David's day. And there is not a man present, who knows the history of Wales, and who will trace it from the period when the Roman standards were first planted in the groves of the Druids, and the sword of Cæsar fell upon the rude armor of the Ancient Briton—but must acknowledge that in warlike valor, in the maintenance of independent institutions, laws, and customs, no people stand on the roll of history beside the Welsh. And a tribute to the memory of your ancestors all may join in, who have a love for strong national characteristics of freedom and independence. And though as a distinct people, their light has gone out—or rather is merged in the mighty sun of the Eastern hemisphere—still there are lingering beams that make the ruins of national existence splendid and attractive—and whose reflected ray warms the heart of every Welshman, and carries him back in pride and veneration to kneel at her old altars, and walk the halls of ancestral renown.

The leading thought that impresses itself upon my mind in looking at the history of Wales—her continued struggles, her repeated triumphs, and final overthrow, is, that she was reserved for many centuries to be the depository of the highest degree of freedom that was given to man during that period of time; and that in the fulfilment of this office, and the trust reposed in her—the very moment she assumed an independent character, and held forth the largest charter of human rights—that moment her existence became one of struggle and conflict; and she met, what the friends and guardians of special right and freedom have met and must meet in one way or another in every age, the enmity and hostility of all people and nations around them, who enjoy less liberty; and who, from a principle of conquest and self-preservation, seek to subject to their own rule of tyranny all laws and institutions more enlarged and liberal than their own. This is a great historic truth, too broad to enter upon at this time.

In the long night watch of ages, when oppression has held her carnival, and the blood of conquest almost covered the earth, there has always been some chosen spot where the faithful guardians of liberty tended the flame, or preserved in ashes the spark that was to kindle the light of a new morning, and herald in the dawn of brighter days for mankind. And where did that flame burn so brightly—where were so many coals kept alive upon the altar, from the fifth to the thirteenth century, as in the mountains and vales of Cambria! I speak not now of the freedom we enjoy, but of the comparative freedom of the laws, institutions and customs of the Welsh, with the people around them, and against whom they warred to maintain their own independence—against the Saxons, against the Picts, the Scots, and Danes—and against all of whom, their mountain barriers were inaccessible for eight hundred years. Do you want witnesses of their valor—their historic line passes before you a more

than chivalrous bearing and heroism,—Arthur, Roderic, Howell and Llewellyn, and David. Their spirits still walk amongst the mountains of Snowden and Plinlimmon, and they are remembered as amongst the greatest of earth's heroes, wherever the sons of Cambria have made their home.

At this hour of the night, or rather in the first watch of the morning, I will not enlarge upon historical facts that bring up so many associations. One point is especially interesting, as connected with the laws of the Welsh, that the code of laws, civil and criminal, as formed by the wisest and best men of the kingdom under Howell the Good, and promulgated by him, was by far the most just and temperate in its enactments of any of that period. In this they excelled all the nations around them,—and there is no better test of a just and noble people, than the freedom of their laws. And we are in this country, much indebted to the laws and customs of this nation, for the perfection and equality of our own system, as in the distribution of property, and other principles that might be mentioned.

But there is a romantic page in Welsh history that I hardly dare refer to, it is a charmed field—thrilling, and touching in the extreme. Who can read the story of the destruction of the bards by the 'ruthless king,' without feeling his heart burn with mingled emotions of detestation and sorrow. Edward knew that though the barriers between the spirit of freedom and the rage of conquest had been broken down, and her heroes had fallen upon the battle field—that there was still interwoven in the independent heart of the Welsh a golden thread of poetic feeling that with every sound of the harp, would stir the soul to patriotic emotions. And for this he must exterminate that race of bards. Their independence gone—the people subdued—why could he not let the old bards wander by "Conway's foaming flood," and "down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side," and send out upon the mountain air, and on the sweet breath of the valley, the martial strain of valour and heroism now departed. Did he fear that the bard "bending o'er his sweet but awful lyre," would yet wake the nation to another struggle for liberty. He slew them all, and the touching lament of the last of the race, as given in the beautiful Pindaric ode of Gray, was fearfully prophetic of his fate.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main,
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed."

"On dreary Avron's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by."

"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the rosy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliff a grisly band—
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land,
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hand, the tissue of thy line."

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race."

And how terribly was this fulfilled to Edward. Mark the death scene of that cruel king, when abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress:—

"Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies."

But the spirit of Welsh liberty was not extinguished, though oppression and inhumanity tracked her for so many generations in blood,—for it has found a new home,—in a new world of freedom,—it lives here in faithful harmony with the genius of our government, its stronger growth develops here, and wider capacities have opened for its enjoyment. The hardy and intelligent Welsh are to be found wherever enterprise and labour have made their habitation in America—they are on the banks of the Hudson, in the valley of the Mohawk, on the shores of the great lakes, and far away in the West, on the banks of glorious rivers. The vision of the Druid, spoken in reference to this people, as given by the poet, has been more than realised,—

Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

I will give you in conclusion, gentlemen—

"The ancient independence of the Welsh—Bowed but not broken in the old world, it rises to the full height of American freedom, in the new."

By V. P. J. S. Breese—"Welsh energy and American enterprise—the result of their combined influence—success."

"The Army and Navy" being given by Mr. V. P. Morris, (who took the opportunity of thanking the company for the enthusiasm with which allusions to his father's name had been received,) Captain Breese of the navy made a few remarks, altogether inaudible at the distance at which we sat, and gave as a sentiment, "The ancient Chieftains of Cambria."

By A. D. Paterson—"Cambria—The land of the free in thought, heart and hand. Her sages are renowned for devising wise counsels, and her people for vigorously maintaining them."

William Denman—"St. David of Wales—like David of old, his great prototype,—a Saint and a Prince of Royal Blood—Not made by human hands, but by the practice of a wonderful piety and good works—a saint adopted by Welshmen many centuries ago for the very reasons which induced the Venerable Church to canonize and recognise him as Patron of Wales."

A national air was then sung by a company of 'Ancient Druids,' in full costume, accompanied by one of their number on the harp.

By Mr. Jas Jones—"The Health of Sir Josiah John Guest, and his intellectual and amiable Lady—The munificent and zealous patrons of Welsh industry and Welsh Literature."

By Mr. Isaac Davies—"The Cambrian Maiden"—

"No stars in yonder sky that shines
Can light, like woman's eyes impart;
The earth holds not in all its mines
A gem so rich as woman's heart."

By Mr. Saml Williams—"The memory of Roger Williams—A native of Wales, the founder of the State of Rhode Island, and the first who planted the Standard of Religious Freedom on this Continent."

By Mr. Thos Gough—"The Welsh—though 'tis said we can only 'agree to disagree,' yet on this night Welshmen will show that they can cordially agree to enjoy themselves."

By Mr. Jas C. Cook—"Cambria and Columbia—Their vows were firmly united in the great struggle which resulted in the birth of a great nation: May their descendants be ever united in the enjoyment and support of that liberty which their ancestors purchased by their blood."

By Mr. Wm. Batten—"The Cambrian Patriots of the Revolution—Zealous supporters of American Liberty: They nobly vindicated the character which their ancestors sustained in defence of the liberty of Cambria."

By Mr. John Watson—"Absent Friends: May the discord of Nations never interfere with a free and social intercourse with our friends, as peace and unanimity are the true bonds which tend to the freedom of mankind."

By Mr. E. E. Jones—"The Welsh Citizens of New York: While differing in Religion and Politics, may they continue united in friendship and charity."

By Mr. Thos. K. Jones—"England and America: May the Mother Country and her Daughter settle every difference without recourse to the bullet or the steel."

By Mr. Wm. Jones—"The Iron Mines of Wales: Like the Aborigines of the soil, it is above par in the estimation of the civilized world."

By Mr. Thos Jones, of Oneida Co—"The health of the Hon John Striker, the friend of the Cymry in Oneida County: May length of days be his portion, and they crowned with prosperity and honour."

By Mr. Wm. Wallace Jones—"The health of Miss Maria Jones, of Rhinebeck, N. Y.: The Authoress of 'Wales, and other poems.'"

By Mr. Rees Watkins—"The Welshmen altogether: Let God be our defender; and let us all, as near as we can, agree with one another."

By the venerable Thomas Morris, Esq., V. Pres't—"The health of Danl L. Jones. The present celebration of the great Cambrian Anniversary is chiefly indebted to the firmness and the energy of this gentleman. Long may he live to realize similar fruits of his enterprising spirit, to those he enjoys this evening."

By Mr. J. W. Roberts—"Our Naturalized Welsh Citizens: The descendants of sires who shed their best blood in the defence of their liberties, know how to appreciate the blessings of freedom, and will prove strong and faithful guards against the encroachments of tyranny."

By Mr. Owen Humphrey—"The Cyfaill: The Pioneer of the Press among the Cymry in America—Like its respected and talented Editor, the more thoroughly it is known the more it is appreciated and the more popular it becomes."

By Mr. G. Trehern—"Our Native and Adopted Land: May those who wish to foment war between them, never find peace at their own hearths."

By a Member of the Welsh Society, N. Y—"The health of Joseph Fowler, Esq., the President of St. George's Society. Any Society would be honoured in possessing such a leader."

By Mr. J. Felix Doyle—"Abd-el Kader—Chief of the unconquerable Arabs, a lineal descendant of the great Ishmael, and his brave soldier tribe—with the noble, free Camanches—the only unconquered nations of the world."

By Mr. J. Jones—"The Memory of Gwelym Morgawg—The late celebrated Bard of Glamorganshire."

By Mr. H. Morgan—"The Harp of Old Wallia—In the days of old it inspired our fathers to deeds of daring for the preservation of their liberties—its notes are this night consecrated to the remembrance of their achievements."

By John H. James—"Father Mathew—The true patriot of Ireland. We are proud of his Welsh descent, and happy at his extended field of usefulness, amongst his nine millions of countrymen at home."

By Benjamin F. Fisher—"Education—May every American citizen, native or adopted, advocate such a system of education, as shall lay no embargo of tariff upon truth, for he whom the truth makes free is indeed a freeman."

By Mr. Daniel L. Jones—"The health of John Plumb, Jr., Esq.—Though unfortunately prevented by the recent storm from being present, yet we appreciate his patriotic disposition by offering to come from Washington, D. C., a distance of near 300 miles, expressly to join his countrymen in this day's festivity. We honour the man." Drank with cheers.

By E. W. Telfair—"The New York Pilots—A noble and hardy band of citizen seamen, who, whilst we are enjoying the luxurious delights of the land, must needs endure, even to the death, the furious perils of the wintry sea."

By Hon. E. R. V. Wright—"The Empire City in the Empire State—The incomparable enterprise, energy and intelligence of her citizens will, at no distant day, make her the treasury of the wealth of the whole civilized world."

By Mr. Henry C. Bowden—"To the Brave—of all countries and climes, who established the beacon light of liberty in fair and free America, watched its first flickerings and nourished it to brilliancy, finding their reward in the happiness of their children, and the convulsive throes of the old monarchies of the world."

By D. Davies—"Cambrians—May they follow the steps of their sires; lambs in life's commerce, lions in war."

By John Roberts—"Our Fellow-Countrymen, wherever assembled to commemorate the day we celebrate."

The health of William Miles and Daniel L. Jones.—Their exertions in carrying out the present glorious festival, entitles them to our marked respect.

Mr. William Miles rose in reply. He expressed in feeling terms his heartfelt thanks for the honour conferred upon Mr. Jones and himself, and stated that his name had been undeservedly and erroneously coupled with Mr. Jones. He claimed no share in the honour or labour of getting up this festival, he had only volunteered his aid as a member of the Welsh Society, at the request of gentlemen who had been the grand movers in this magnificent feast. So far as Mr. Jones was concerned, the toast was appropriate and deserving, but not as regarded himself. He would avail himself of the opportunity to express his great admiration of one feature of this evening's entertainment; he said he alluded to the able manner in which the important subject of emigration had been treated by the distinguished President, and other gentlemen who had previously spoken upon that subject. From a knowledge of the liberal and philanthropic character of the native citizens of the United States, he was prepared for a liberal and enlightened construction of that subject; but the whole souled liberality displayed by the President in his speech had far surpassed his warmest expectations. The sentiments uttered by that gentleman were such as keep time with the advancing step of civilisation, and they were in every way worthy of the growing liberality of the age in which we live: they not only caused a vibration in the hearts of those around this festive board, but they would receive a ready response from the mountains and valleys of Wales, and from the breasts of the philanthropist, wherever he might be.

He said, that having been connected with Emigrant Societies, for some time, he had been a watchful observer of the results of emigration on the past, and had been led to speculate upon its effects on the future, and although he would not intrude all his speculations upon the company, yet he would say that in his opinion civil emigration was destined to become one of the most potent agents in universal civilization, and the greatest equalizer of the condition of man. He used the term 'civil emigration,' in contradistinction to the forcible and bloody emigration of former ages. Civil emigration asks not the aid of the sword, to hew out a bloody path advocated by the intelligence of the age, and acquiesced in by its liberality, it silently worked its way to sure and lasting improvements, to more general and to mightier results; the daring genius of man had subdued the elements and yoked them to our cars and to our ships; it had tamed the fierce quality of the lightning, and converted it into a peaceful messenger. These acquirements were great in themselves, but emigration was destined to become a still greater auxiliary to civilisation.

"Mr. chairman," he added, "I do not wish to trespass upon your time in expatiating upon the magnificent results of emigration to the human family at large. They forced themselves upon the mind of every thinking man—the more especially when he had presented before him so noble an example as was presented in this glorious republic. America received its first impulse to national greatness from civil emigration—emigration has since contributed to its swelling prosperity and renown—and its short, though brilliant career, thus far had been a happy, a peaceful, a glorious, and an astounding triumph." He concluded by offering the following sentiment:—

"Universal Liberty—its sun though obstructed for ages by the dark spell of ignorance and superstition, is brightly dawning under the genial influence of civil emigration and the free institutions of the New World."

By Daniel L. Jones, Treasurer of the Festival—"The present celebration of the Great Cambrian Anniversary—It is truly a celebration by the people—recurring with swelling bosoms to the deeds of their ancestors, who in their time, reflected credit upon the human race."

The following toasts were forwarded by absent Welsh friends:—

By the Rev. Thomas Picton—"The Memory of the Rev. Samuel Davies, formerly President of the College at Princeton, New Jersey."

By Mr. Robert Morris—"The Anniversary of St. David's—May the sons and descendants of Cambria long enjoy the repetition of this day's festivities under free and liberal institutions."

* * * A number of letters were received from distinguished persons, containing apologies for necessary absence.

Before the company departed, they did justice to the excellent and plentiful feast provided by the host of the occasion, Mr. Gerring, whose health was drank with acclamation and cheers.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 81-2 a 53 4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1846.

We had not room to make any observation, last week, on the sensation created in the French Chamber of Deputies, upon learning the remarks of the President of the United States concerning French action in the affair of Texan annexation, and concerning his views of European interposition in the American governments. The mouth-piece of the French liberals, M. Thiers, took the part of apologist or rather of defender of the President's sentiments, though in doing so he evidently took the ground of policy in not interfering with the affairs of the United States and Texas, and hardly touched the remarkable assertion to the effect that the nations of Europe are not henceforth to be permitted to interfere with American affairs.

On the other hand M. Guizot asserted for France or for any country the right to interpose between countries with which she is in amity, to prevent what may be probably a future detriment to herself, although she may not have the right to take up arms in support of her desires; this indeed is an indisputable right as between man and man, and why not as between nation and nation? In the eyes of France the United States are independent, Mexico is independent, and Texas is independent, but Mexico denies the independence of Texas. A junction of the interests of the United States and Texas is proposed by these two last-mentioned countries, to be carried into effect by the admission of the latter into the general federal union of the former, and France being apprehensive that such union would be prejudicial to her commercial or other interests, is desirous to prevent the measure; she has a right to do so by persuasion, by diplomacy, by any means except that of force or of fraud. Before she can accomplish her ends, she learns that the contracting parties have virtually accomplished theirs, and she at once relinquishes a design which she is satisfied is impracticable.

Surely there is no breach of either moral or political faith in this; nations, like individuals, are bound to look to themselves first, they have to secure their own welfare, advantage, and prosperity, as far as possible without entrenching upon the rights of others; now the United States had not any political rights in Texas until the mutual agreement for annexation was concluded; and consequently France could without impropriety endeavour to persuade, or offer inducements to Texas to continue her political position, a change from which was deemed to be prejudicial to French interests; but if France desisted the moment she learned that other engagements were formally entered into, she is entirely undeserving of censure or of invidious reflection.

With regard to the dictum that European nations must not make new settlements, nor enlarge those they now possess on this continent, there cannot surely be any reason as a basis for it. Of what are the territorial possessions in North America composed? They are composed of countries now or formerly colonised by Spain, England, France, and Russia. Some of those of the French have merged into those of England, and are possessed by her still,

some of those of England have established their independence and constitute the United States, and these have been farther enlarged by cessions of the remaining portions of the former French colonies, and by the Spanish colony of Florida; and those of Spain have also established their independence under different Republican titles. It seems then that North America has several distinct sovereignties, of which the United States conjointly are but one; surely then, the Russian, the English, the Mexican, the Central American,—all these, have a right to their opinion on such a subject, as well as the United States, and if their interests are connected with the countries of Europe, they ought not to have those connexions placed under limits by a power, herself originally an equal intruder upon the rights of the aborigines with those of the other nations, and which now virtually says "We have conquered for ourselves a portion of this continent, and we now decree that what we have done for ourselves none others shall do after us."

Let us recollect that every man in America, except the aboriginal savage or the negro, is either an European, or a descendant at no great distance back from European parents; and let not pride or want of due reflection urge the precept that, in its exclusiveness, has so touched the feelings in all our fatherlands.

OREGON.—We copy the following article of correspondence, and give it for what it may be worth; but it is evidently from one who fancies he has sufficient authority for what he says. If he be correct he gives good hopes of a peaceful and satisfactory arrangement of the vexed question. Unfortunately, however, the news had not arrived in England of the last rejection of arbitration, and the next mail may bring new difficulties, arising from the irritated state of the public mind. At any rate, if the letter be correct, the new proposals from this government will reach that of England, according to moral probability, as they were forwarded by way of Long Island to Boston, and were carried out in the Cambria.

THE OREGON NEGOTIATION.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia North American

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1846.

At length I am enabled to communicate some intelligence, which, if I have not greatly misconceived public opinion, will be most acceptable to your readers and to the country at large. I am thoroughly convinced the foundation of a compromise of the existing difficulties with Great Britain, has been laid, and I believe the terms of a Treaty will be perfected within sixty days. Now for such facts as I am permitted to present to the public.

On Wednesday last Mr. Calhoun had a long and serious interview of several hours with the President in relation to the Oregon question. The immediate purpose of the visit was to ascertain the disposition of the Executive towards a proposition, which after consultation on both sides of the Chamber, he felt inclined to submit, either in open or secret session of the Senate, as might be esteemed most prudent. It is contemplated to advise the President to resume negotiations on the basis of the 49th parallel, conceding the navigation of the Columbia, in lieu of which, Great Britain has rendered certain equivalents, of which I am not informed. Mr. Calhoun presented the subject in all its aspects, suggesting that it could not be expected, Great Britain, in the present posture of affairs, could advance another offer, after the consecutive rejections of arbitration, and intimated candidly, if he was the negotiator on the other side he would not. The President stated, that in consequence of advices from Mr. McLane, he had given the most devoted attention to the subject, in the hope of arriving at some determination which would prove acceptable, and bring the controversy to an amicable termination. That after reflecting upon the views of Mr. McLane, and consulting with a portion of the Cabinet, he had deemed it best not to request the opinion of the Senate, under present circumstances, and was inclined to hope, that a suggestion then entertained by him, would better facilitate the important object by a resort to negotiation through the Executive Department. During the same day, other Senators were taken into consultation, and at eight o'clock on that evening a Cabinet Council was convened, at which it was determined to submit another offer to Great Britain, upon the basis of the 49th degree, with other conditions, of which I am not at present apprised. I am not prepared to say whether this proposal has been tendered as yet to Mr. Pakenham, but I have very conclusive reasons for believing it is now on the road to Boston, to go out by the Cambria on Sunday.

This activity has been hastened by the despatches of Mr. McLane, who represented in very strong terms the feeling which had been exhibited by the Earl of Aberdeen at the intelligence of the rejection of the final proposal of arbitration, which I informed you several days ago had been received by the Ministry before the sailing of the steamer. Mr. McLane also recommended the President to transfer the negotiations to London, hoping by his familiarity with the sentiments and disposition of the Earl of Aberdeen, to be able to effect an arrangement more readily and with more satisfaction to both parties.

It is not now in my power to state specifically whether the President has consented to present his offer in London or to Mr. Pakenham; but I infer from the suggestions which have been made to me, as well as from my own reasoning, that in respect to Mr. Buchanan the negotiations will be continued in Washington.

It comes to me from the best source, that an entire confidence is now realized in the Cabinet, I know it is felt by Mr. Calhoun and other Senators, who have had free access to the movement, that the difficulty will be adjusted immediately and amicably. By noting the date of this letter you will be able to discover when the official correspondence is divulged, how near your information was to truth and to time.

As I stated on a former occasion, I reiterate in the plainest and most positive language now, Mr. Pakenham has no instructions from his Government, authorizing him to make any new proposition. This statement will not be gainsayed, under any authority from the British Minister, who ought to know something of his own affairs. It is extremely unfortunate that the President's original offer of the 49th parallel, was not sent to England—if it had been the whole question would have been settled by the opening of Congress.

Before we dismiss this subject for the present, we would advert to the speech of the Hon. S. Foote of Vermont, on Oregon matters; it was delivered by him in the House of Representatives on the 6th Feb., and contains the clearest and most dispassionate arguments thereon that we have thus far had opportunity to read; a real love of country and of his country's honour is evident

throughout, but there is a candour and straight-forwardness in every period that entitle him to the respect of even his opponents, however warm. The speech is too long for insertion in our columns, but, as it has been printed, no doubt it is easily to be obtained, and will well repay the perusal.

In our last number we made a few remarks with reference to the difficulty that would attend the introduction of Maize or Indian Corn into the British Isles, as an article of human food, founded on a knowledge of the effects produced on Europeans who are unaccustomed to its use, on their arrival at this side of the Atlantic. From information which has since been received, it appears that the experiment has been tried in Ireland, and has resulted as we predicted, its use having been productive of dysentery. And although this may be overcome by time, yet the prejudices which this circumstance will have created in the minds of the people, will not be easily eradicated.

The benevolent intentions of the British government, in ordering a quantity of this article to be shipped to Ireland will, notwithstanding this untoward event, be productive of much benefit; as it will probably be used as a substitute for oats and potatoes, in feeding cattle and other descriptions of stock, while it will cause an additional quantity of oatmeal to be thrown into the market, with which food the people of Ireland are already familiar, and of which they are very fond.

The opening of the English ports to the introduction of grain from this country, and the consumption of Indian corn, whether as fodder or otherwise, must have a tendency to increase the price of bread-stuffs in the United States, notwithstanding the ability of its farmers to produce a greater surplus than hitherto. It therefore becomes an important consideration, whether measures should not be adopted by the Legislature, to encourage, as is the case in other countries, the manufacture of oatmeal, which is almost entirely unknown to the native population, but which would be readily and gladly consumed by those who have been accustomed to eat it in the old country, and who at present are prevented from procuring it by its scarcity and exorbitant price.

We have been not a little struck with the inconsistency of a contemporary who is a zealous Corn-law protectionist, but who is nevertheless most eager for the free importation of Maize into the United Kingdom. His alleged reason for this advocacy is that Maize is not grown in the British home dominions. What then? Will not the use of Maize as much interfere with the price of Wheat, as the importation of any other grain which the people will use for food. We are not here objecting to Maize in England, but wish to shew the absurdities which men will commit when they are mounted on their favorite hobbies, and the weakness of the links with which they would endeavour to bind heterogeneous opinions. Stick to English Corn-law protection, and abandon the Maize free importation, or introduce Maize and leave protection to itself.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—THE WELSH.

There are few celebrations more interesting to us (individually speaking) than that which is hallowed by the Welsh nation, perhaps excepting that of our Patron saint proper, St. George, there is not one; and the reason for it is this, that we consider them to be a free people of not only a longer standing than any other nation now existing, but also than of any other nation that ever did exist. The Welsh have a right, if poor humanity have any such right, to be proud of their history from its earliest date to the present, and no assembly of persons on a public occasion can with greater propriety give, as a convivial sentiment "The Press" than an assembly of Welshmen, lovers of their country, and supporters of her fame: for the Press has contributed most largely in drawing the history of Wales out of obscurity, in setting its gems in their best light, and in exhibiting them in their truest colours.

We confess to a mode of ratiocination occasionally, peculiar to ourselves, but at such time, our convictions being strong, we do not hesitate to maintain them, though we may not in the first place be supported by others; and as this is with us rather a pet subject, we shall venture to descant a little upon it at the present juncture.

We should pretty well establish our point were we merely to rest our proof upon the history of the Britons from the time of the Roman invasion, forty years before the Christian Era and the present juncture—a period of nearly nineteen centuries,—in the whole course of which they have not only virtually but actually been in possession of name, nation, sovereignty, and freedom, all of which are still theirs, and have been so without interruption, though not without much disturbance, many vicissitudes, and certain humiliations and diminutions of power. The former mistress of the world, with force, energy, and discipline superior to those of any other nation, invaded them, fought them, caused them to retreat from place to place in their "sea-girt island" but could not extirpate them, could not even subdue them. Once among their fastnesses they defied the power of the Roman army, and although reduced in extent of dominion, they had their princes still, and their name continued intact. And well were they revenged, by their own race, on those general invaders of the rights of others, as we may probably show in the sequel.

When the ambitious Romans were obliged at length to abandon Britain, in order to look after the safety of their own homesteads, and the Scot, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Dane, successively took up the notion that she was a prize worth contending for, were they any the more successful than Rome had been? Assuredly not, for with all the swarms of those robbers by profession, all that they could effect upon the Britons, was the ravaging of the open country, which they gradually formed into an Octarchy, and finally into the Kingdom of England; and yet again Wales is found intact, governed by the native princes and obedient to her own laws. Much harassed, subjected to many vicissitudes, often reduced to extremes which rendered her national existence all

but extinct, she rallied again and again as her bards recalled the memories of times of old and of the heroes who had fought and died for her liberties. Even the Normans could not subdue her, and the Plantagenets have at best but dimmed the lustre which they could not extinguish. For when the last of the ancient and royal line perished in her defence, she still, in her very desperation refused to acknowledge for her ruler any but one who should be native born,—literally a Cambrian.

Even then she continued to be, what she still is "The Principality of Wales." Her sovereign is appointed in the ancient manner, for it is well known that the princes of Wales did not assume their authority under the present known system of lineal succession, but, although commonly of the royal house, each successive prince was either previously appointed by his predecessor, or in failure of such a precaution, was elected to his authority. Now it is well known that the heir apparent to the British Throne is never born prince of Wales, he is created such by the ruling sovereign—a descendant of the first Prince of Wales of the Plantagenet blood, born in Wales. The Welsh nation therefore still retains an acknowledged integrity, although of greatly reduced power.

Can any other nation of the world make the boast of an integral, authoritative, national existence, without interruption, during 2000 years? not the Jews; for although the Exodus took place nearly 1500 years before the Christian era, yet the "People of God" became afterwards divided into two Kingdoms, one of which was carried into captivity in about seven centuries from the Exodus, and from which the people never returned; the other experienced a similar fate within less than nine centuries from the same time, from which they were allowed to return, in order that a divine destiny might be completed, soon after which they became scattered, as a nation, to the four winds of Heaven. The Greeks cannot claim it, with all their wisdom and science; the Chinese cannot prove themselves entitled to it, for the most authentic histories of that nation exhibit numerous changes of dynasty. The Egyptians, ancient as they may be, are deficient in data, to enable them to cope with the Welsh. The English under the Normans have but half the amount of years that the Welsh here claim. Cambria even on this ground is the most ancient of integral nations.

But these two thousand years form but the shorter period of the freedom enjoyed by the Welsh, considered with regard to their progenitors. The Welsh nation is a branch of the great Celtic tree, which has spread abroad its arms through central Europe; Celtic blood has proceeded conquering and to conquer wheresoever it flows, or shall flow, until it shall have encompassed the earth like a zone. Our hypothesis is, and we feel ready to support it, that during the period of the general Dispersion of the human race, the tribes that moved latest in the directions of the Chinese, the Indian, and the Egyptian Peninsulas, were checked in their progress by the fulness of occupation, in those regions, from previous tribes; that those later tribes or wanderers were obliged to stay their progress for a time in Central Asia, but afterwards moved westerly; that the Celts were from thence; that they were always distinguished both for their valour and their independence; that the German nations were derived from them—a people whom neither Cæsar himself nor future commanders, could subdue—who afterwards harassed and shook the very foundations of the Roman empire;—that still proceeding westward, they took possession of Belgium, and Celtic Gaul, and then passed over to the British Islands, of which we verily believe they were the Aborigines; and, consequently that the Welsh nation is a nation of freemen from the time of the deluge to the present hour; and what other nation can assume a history surpassing this?

Well may the Welsh toast "The Press," their bards had long and faithfully sung the history, acts, and laws of the nation, and when the ruthless Edward Longshanks in his brutal policy caused the destruction of those living registers, the Press was labouring into birth, in time to prevent those glories from being lost to memory, and to shew out those portions of ancient days which confirm their pretensions to an imperishable name.

The Sons of the Cymry then do well to celebrate their country's glory, and no true Welshman or descendant of a Welshman ought to omit being present at such a celebration. "Their light as a distinct people has 'not' gone out," but on the contrary burns more and more brightly. Wales will still be a principality, though bound up with English government, and her literature is becoming like revived fires, which, after smouldering for ages, has been supplied with fresh fuel, and is spreading its light farther and farther around its flaming centre.

INMAN GALLERY.—We desire to impress upon the attention of our Readers, that this magnificent exhibition will positively and finally be closed on Tuesday evening next. Those, therefore, who desire to visit it, and to contribute to its benevolent object will please to remember the extent of their opportunity.

Literary Notices.

DWIGHT'S THEOLOGY.—4 vols., 8vo.—New York: Harpers.—The admirable system of Theology contained in the discourses of which this work consists, enjoys a reputation as extensive as all Christendom itself. In many, if not all theological seminaries it is consulted as a text book, and it is a brief but quite sufficient recommendation of it to say that it is held in the highest estimation by the pious and learned Dr. Chalmers of Scotland. It has appeared in almost every form from 4to. to 48mo., and has so commended itself to the attention of reflecting persons that few are without it who have been able to effect the purchase. The present edition is a beautiful one, and is concise in

form and magnitude; the text is entire, and it seems to have been carefully prepared, the "getting up" is highly creditable to the publishers, who really have done honour to their craft, to the public feeling, to literature, and to the cause of religion in putting it forth. There are only the first two volumes out yet, the former of which commences with an interesting account of Dr. Dwight's life and writings. The remainder of the work is nearly ready.

THE FAIRY BOOK.—New York: Harpers.—It is well said "Despise not the day of small things;" the "Fairy Book" would indicate a child's book, but we are old fashioned enough to believe that these fairy tales judiciously handled can furnish both amusement and instruction—aye, instruction!—to youth, where grave moral lessons will fail. Many of these contain allegorical meanings, and, in the midst of both wonderment and mirth, induce questions and inquiries the answers to which are helps both to the mind and to the intellect. The present edition is a beautiful one with about 80 embellishments, and the work is furnished with an introduction from the pen,—as we have heard—of the erudite Gulian C. Verplanck, who on the occasion has assumed that singular and almost unknown *nom de guerre* of—John Smith.

GUY RIVERS.—By W. G. Simms.—New York: Harpers.—The author of this work most ably describes the peculiarities and characteristics of S. Carolina, Georgia, &c. We believe this was his first production of that nature, and it is graphic, striking, and descriptively true. It has had a large circulation in various editions, and is now put forth in commodious and cheap series the "Pocket Edition" of the Harpers of this city.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Part 50.—The work well deserves its peculiar title, for it is beautifully illuminated, and appropriately illustrated. The letter-press is admirable, and, as we have for some time wished, is, now nearly completed.

MAHAN'S CIVIL ENGINEERING.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—In this rapidly progressing, continually improving, practical age, we know not a scientific work that deserves a warmer welcome than this before us. All mankind are either directly or indirectly engaged in forming docks, wharfs, warehouses, bridges, roads, railways, canals, or other helps to forwarding, storing, and general commercial prosperity; and here is a book which upon sound philosophical and mathematical principles, teaches in plain and peripatetic style the elements of practical labour on these things, and gives plain directions in the details. The author first enters upon the consideration of durability and strength of building materials, he then proceeds to examine the various kinds of mortar and cement, and the applicability of each to particular purposes. After these some strictures and instructions on Masonry, Brick-work, Wooden framing, digging, surveying, and all the principal operations of which it is the duty of the Civil Engineer to take cognizance. The book is well and amply illustrated with diagrams and designs placed against the text which it is intended to render clear. It is simple in style, being intended for young students, and is therefore eminently useful to general engineers on the subject.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.—Part I.—By Alexander Dumas.—New York: Wm. Taylor.—We have here the beginning of a supplement to "The Three Guardsmen," a story by the same author, and which has already met with a highly favourable reception in the reading world.

A CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE.—A Comedy.—By Thomas Morton.—N. York: Wm. Taylor.—This Comedy has at all times been a distinguished favorite with the play-going public. It is here published as part of the "Modern Standard Drama," a series under the editorial direction of Epes Sargent, Esq., and contains an introduction by the Editor, and full stage directions, casts of characters, and descriptions of costumes.

THE MENDICANT OF PONT-DES-ARTS.—By Wm. Hauff.—N. York: Wm. Taylor.—Another serial publication called the "Select Library of German Tales" has been commenced, of which this is the second number. It is well written, well translated, and highly interesting.

. We are obliged to postpone our Theatrical, Musical, and many Literary Notices, to make room for the News and remarks contained in our files brought by the Toronto.

Napoleon on Presentiments.—Paul, he observed, in a conversation on the death of the emperor, was a man who had a soul, and was accessible to noble resolutions, but all his moral faults were concentrated by the restless forebodings of that animal instinct, which I have so often observed in some of my bravest soldiers: Lasselles, for example, who in the middle of the night wrote to me from bivouac on the battle-field of Wagram, to ask me to sign immediately the decree for the transmission of his title and his *majorat* of Count to his wife's son, because he felt that he was about to fall in the battle on the ensuing day; and the unfortunate man was right. Cervoni, who stood near me at Echmuhl, and now faced cannon for the first time since the war in Italy, said to me, "Sire, you forced me to quit Marseilles, which I loved, by writing to me that the Cross of the Legion of Honor was only to be won by soldiers in the presence of the enemy.—Here I am; but this is my last day." A quarter of an hour afterwards a ball carried away his head. Paul was constantly dreaming of conspiracies and assassinations. He had brought a skilful mechanic from abroad, in order to make him a number of secret passages, by which he might escape from the different chambers which he most frequently used in his palace. There was one man alone who had his entire confidence, and that was Count Pahlen, governor of St. Petersburg, and chief director of the police. He was at supper with the general the night before his assassination, when he received a letter revealing to him the most minute details, the whole scheme of the conspiracy, and naming Count Pahlen as the chief, and warning him that the plot was completely ripe for execution. Some fatality prevented him from breaking the seal, and he thought no more of it when he retired to his private apartments. Had he opened the letter, he would have been saved.

Heroic Proposition for Effecting Napoleon's Escape from his Captors.—Among the various plans proposed to facilitate the escape of Napoleon from Rochefort, the most daring was that of Captain Ponet, of the Medusa, which is now, for the first time made public. The proposition of this Curtius was as follows:

He proposed, under favor of the night, to take the lead of the Saale, to surprise the Bellerophon at anchor, to engage her at close combat, and to lash his vessel to her sides, so as to neutralize her efforts and impede her sailing. The engagement might last two hours, at the end of which the Medusa, carrying only sixty guns, and the Bellerophon seventy-four, she would necessarily be destroyed, but during this time, the Saale, taking advantage of the breeze which every evening blew from the land, might gain the sea, and a sloop of twenty-two guns, and a ship's pinnace, which comprized the remainder of the English flotilla, could not detain the Saale, which was a frigate of the first class, carrying twenty-four pounders between decks, and thirty-six pound carronades in her upper deck.

Two circumstances were opposed to this heroic project—the refusal of Captain Philibert, of the Saale, and the repugnance of the Emperor to sacrifice a ship and her crew to his personal safety.

Montholon's Napoleon at St. Helen

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

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CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame, it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

TRUST TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS. take them so as to produce a brisk effect, and your sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who are too wise to follow this common-sense advice, will be sick for months. Let the sick enquire of the agents for Brandreth's Pills whether these things are so or not. Let them enquire among their friends and ask the same question. Verily if EVIDENCE is wanted it shall be procured. To the sick, let me say, use the

BRANDRETH PILLS

Is the best advice mortal man can give you.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FOURTH SEASON.—THIRD CONCERT.

THE PUBLIC and the **SUBSCRIBERS** are respectfully informed that the **THIRD CONCERT** of the present season will take place on Saturday evening, March 7, at the Apollo Rooms. By order, JAMES L. ENSIGN, Sec'y.

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.

THE GREAT CURE.

NO pain is comparable to that of the Tooth-ache. All the body may be in health; but this trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the whole frame to anguish. The great question then arises how to relieve it, and in as speedy a manner as possible. The comfort that should be sought for is the **CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS**, a remedy that, while it removes the pain, preserves the teeth, and thus blesses as well as benefits. These drops have been extensively used, and thousands will bear grateful testimony to their value as a speedy and permanent cure for the tooth-ache. Those subject to this horrible pain, should remember that the **CLOVE ANODYNE** will certainly cure it in one minute, when applied to the affected nerve.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, and sold also at 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway, and sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. (b28.

PURE BEAR'S OIL.

THE ONLY BEAUTIFIER AND PRESERVER OF THE HAIR.



THE oldest writers on the subject of the hair have one and all alluded to the properties contained in genuine Bear's Grease, as a preservative and beautifier of "Nature's covering for the head."—Hippocrates, the most ancient medical writer upon this subject, says in his "Treatise on the Parts of the Human Body," "that the fat of the Ursus (Bear) is very nutritive in staining and preserving the roots of the hair of adults, when premature baldness occurs. The inner membranes of the flesh of the bear nearest the skin, are covered with a shining fat which forms the source from whence spring and originate the roots of the hair that covers them so profusely. This is a law of nature, and it follows that the oil produced from the fat of this animal, is very useful to the human race, in leading to the recovery of the hair when prematurely lost."

Surely no greater proof can be adduced as to the value of genuine Bear's Oil for the hair. For years, the pure article has been considered by the most eminent physicians the best remedy for dandruff, falling off or weakness of the hair, and all complaints connected therewith. Great care should be taken in all cases as to the genuineness and purity of the oil. The real article carefully purified and highly perfumed, for sale by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, and 77 East Broadway, and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 50 cents for large, and 25 cents for small bottles. (b28-tf

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentlemen, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

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Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. (Ju7-1y.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

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AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

THE American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c. supplied. M. B. BRADY. (Appy.

THE "INMAN GALLERY"

The Inman Gallery is now open at the Art Union Rooms, No. 322 Broadway, and the Exhibition will continue during four weeks.

Tickets are now ready and may be obtained of the Treasurer, R. B. FOSDICK, No. 352 Broadway, and at the Art Union Gallery, 322 Broadway, or of any member of the Committee.

Season. Tickets 50 cents. Single admission 25 cents. Catalogues 12 cents.

PATENT LAP-WELDED IRON BOILER FLUES,

14½ FEET LONG, AND 1½ INCHES TO 4 INCHES DIAMETER.

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FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.



THIS Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated Oculists

—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful Salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the Eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications.

In dimness of sight caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eye-sight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation has existed for eight years. Inflammation, and soreness caused by blows, contusions, or wounds on the Eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritating nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Price 25 cents.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers Street, (Granite Building), and 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway. And sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (b28-tf.

STATE CONVENTION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ss.

WE, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the said State, having formed a Board of State Canvassers, and having in conformity to the provisions of the act entitled "An act recommending a Convention of the People of the State," passed May 13, 1845, canvassed and estimated the whole number of votes or ballots given for and against the said proposed "Convention" at a Central Election held in the said State on the fourth day of November, in the year 1845, according to the certified statements of the said votes or ballots received by the Secretary of State, in the manner directed by the said act, do hereby determine, declare and certify, that the whole number of votes or ballots given under and by virtue of the said act was two hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and seventeen; that of the said number, two hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven votes or ballots were given for the said Convention.—That of the said first mentioned number, thirty-three thousand, eight hundred and sixty votes or ballots were given against the said Convention.—And it appearing by the said canvass that a majority of the votes or ballots given as aforesaid are for a Convention, the said canvassers do farther Certify and Declare that a Convention of the people of the said State will be called accordingly; and that an election for Delegates to the said Convention will be held on the last Tuesday of April, in the year 1846, to meet in Convention at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the first Monday in June, 1846, pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act of the Legislature.

Given under our hands at the Secretary of State's Office, in the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State,
A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller,
BENJAMIN ENOS, Treasurer.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

I certify the preceding to be a true copy of an original certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, on file in this office.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, January 28th, 1846.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the act entitled, "An act recommending a Convention of the People of this State, passed May 13, 1845," an election will be held on the last Tuesday of April next, in the several cities and counties of this State, to choose Delegates to the Convention to be held pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act and certificate above recited.

The number of Delegates to be chosen in the county of New York will be the same as the number of Members of Assembly from the said county. Respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, February 7, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. VI., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. (f21)

G. B. CLARKE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

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Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
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UP A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

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The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

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PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

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PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

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PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz.:

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. BARNED & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

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W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES,
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this Line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz.:

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. BARNED & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches, Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov.5-tf.

LIFE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF LONDON.

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The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR.

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The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz.:

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the Loan Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal; and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be paid in cash if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE in New York.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-1y.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,
CANADA, &c., FOR 1845,

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,
South Street, corner Maiden Lane.

FALO in 36 hours.

CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

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THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st.,
corner Maiden Lane.

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MINIATURE PAINTER.

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ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec.6-1y.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbacious Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with pleasant.

Ap. 20 tf.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT,
Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My24-ly

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " " " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" " " " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.	ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.	SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage house is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO.	W. H. Allen.	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Apr. 26, Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY.	Wm. Skiddy.	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY.	Thompson.	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Jun. 26, Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN.	C. A. Heirn.	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26.

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-ly.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton.	H. Huttleston.	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry.	J. C. Delano.	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence.	F. P. Allen.	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay.	Ezra Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers.	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland.	R. H. Griswold.	10, 10, 10.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator.	R. L. Bunting.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator.	J. M. Chadwick.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland.	G. Knight.	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec.	F. B. Hebard.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria.	E. E. Morgan.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington.	D. Chadwick.	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson.	G. Moore.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert.	W. S. Sebar.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto.	E. G. Tinker.	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge.	W. C. Barstow.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England.	S. Bartlett.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford.	J. Rathbone.	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Mosteruma, (new)	A. W. Lowber.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe.	A. G. Furber.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York.	Thos. B. Cropper.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus.	G. A. Cole.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 35 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA. FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

This medicine has in many thousand instances brought health and returning vigor to the weak and languid frame. Its operation extends itself to the remotest transactions of the general system, and consists in removing diseased action in the absorbing and secreting vessels.

The blood contains the elements of the whole animal structure—flesh and fibre, glands, muscles, tendons, the nails, the hair, and even the bones themselves, are all sustained by the blood. Well, then, may it be called the stream of life. In proportion to the purity of fluid will be that of the substance into which it is continually changing. Corrupt blood instead of producing healthy flesh, is likely enough to develop sores and ulcers. When these appear, whether in the specific form of Scrofula, in all its multifarious and disgusting shapes, or eruptions in all their disgusting variety, rheumatism, bilious disorders, general relaxation and debility, and a host of complaints arising from disordered secretions, there is no detergent, it is believed, that will so rapidly neutralize the virus in the blood from which they spring and effect a radical cure, as this preparation.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha:—

BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands:—I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of Scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
REV. WM. GALUSHA.

NEW-YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.—Yours very truly,
SARAH M'INTYRE, 240 Delancy-st., N. York.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-tf.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. I. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia, in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases. (Signed)
S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully,
WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.
Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. r 15

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. T. J. WILLISTON.
Nov 8-ly. No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. [My24-ly.